

IRON MAIDEN

RUNNING FREE



The Official Story Of Iron Maiden

**Garry Bushell
and Ross Halfin**

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ZOMBA BOOKS



GARRY BUSHELL

This book was written on a diet of Stella Artois and Chinese Take-aways. The author would like to dedicate it to Carol, Julie, Danny, Pete Way, Ozzy, Rose Tattoo, and Charlton Athletic FC ("Who are they?" – Harry). Special thanks to Vic, Dave and Keith from Maiden, and Eve, George and Nicola for baby-sitting....



ROSS HALFIN

Ross Halfin would like to thank Annette Brown and Max Ferguson for the black and white prints in this book, Andy Taylor, Marion Daehms and Dennis Brown for my money!!! No thanks to Tony Wiggins or Richard Bell.



Prologue

Whose damn fool idea was it to give me a loop-tape of the new Iron Maiden album, *Powerslave*? And what lily-livered non-believer put it about that Maiden were softening up? I should have known that was about as likely as a pub with free beer. My mouth's dry, my vision's blurred, my ears ache, and my head throbs like an amputated leg. I can scarcely believe what I'm hearing. This ain't the "Happy Sound" of day-time Radio One. It ain't even the vaguely more listenable AOR of heavy rotation MTV. This sounds more like a savage stampede of butchering buccaneers, a souped-up city-levelling hurricane, or a bar-room brawl of brain-bruising belligerence. Rhythms so fast they'd scorch the arse of any punk band you could name rocket out of the speakers like a vicar from a cat-house raid. Guitars blaze like forest fires. And melodies so boisterous they'd make a van-load of tanked-up West Ham supporters sound like a church choir, bestow a magnetic addictiveness to riffs harder than marble slabs and heavier than water-logged cruisers. Hard as it is to believe, *Powerslave* actually tops everything this band have recorded before. And when you've got a history of vinyl accomplishments as handsome as Maiden's, this takes some doing.

They always were a bit special. I knew that as soon as I heard the Soundhouse Tapes way back then. Christ, that seems like 30 years ago now, although it's more like five. Another world.

Iron Maiden were never just another Heavy Metal band. They always had a glorious individuality. You could never mistake a Maiden tune for any other band's. No one before or since has ever come up with a cranium-kicking cocktail quite like their maddening mix of hyper-energy, muscle melodies, killer clout, twin guitar harmonies, and historical histrionics. Somehow they've managed to combine being intelligent and musical with total noise and chilling aggression, and kept on getting better, forever refining their uniqueness. Jerry Lee Lewis once said "You're either hot or you're cold; if you're luke warm the Lord will spew you out of His mouth." If Maiden were hot back in '79, right now they're more like an exploding petrol bomb in a pepper factory.

It's been my privilege to watch them grow, shedding skins, and gaining pounds along the way. But the weight they've gained has always been meat, no fat. This book tells their story, the story of a band and the story of a dream. It's about the rise of a band from the low rent dives of London's East End to the biggest stadiums in the world, a rise that's been fuelled on the one hand by graft – the unlimited stamina and drive that has seen them take on the most gruelling gig schedule any band has ever attempted – and on the other hand by a mighty mixture of West Ham, Ruffles and Remy,

with a large helping of Jimmy Jones jokes to wash it all down with.

Through their talent and their commitment, Iron Maiden have built themselves into a viable alternative to the gutless banality of the pop charts, shining like crazy diamonds in a cess pit of rancid shit. And yet they've never lost their heads on any snobby star trips. They've never lost their down-to-earth attitudes, never forgotten their roots, never forgotten why they formed the band in the first place. Hell, I'd crucify them twice over in print if they ever had. This may be the official biography, but I'm writing it because I believe it, not because I'm getting paid by the word (and by the way, Rod, about that cheque...)

Maiden's story is the stuff dreams are made of. It boils down to a fan who forged his own band in his teenage heroes' image, built it up against all the odds, and finally led it on to overshadow the old-timers. Dreams don't come true that often, and that's what makes this one so worth recording. You see... oh, Christ! That loop-tape's just started up again and the letter from the Maiden office in front of me says I've only got 20 days to try and do the band justice. 20 days. I've got as much chance of that as Charlton have of winning when they're 3-0 down with a minute on the clock. But what you're holding in your hands is just about my best shot. Because that's exactly what Iron Maiden deserve!

Garry Bushell



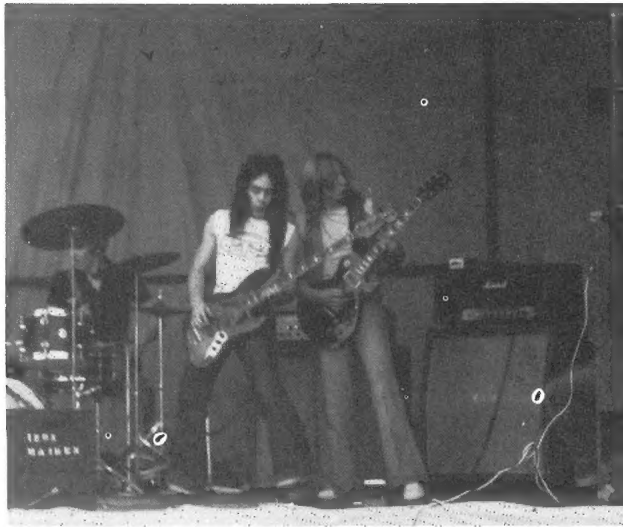
AT the beginning of the year leading members of various groups re-formed themselves into a new Waltham Forest-based group, Iron Maiden, a heavy rock band, which is now looking forward to a big break on November 18, at Walthamstow Assembly Hall, when it will be supported by jazz rock group, Blitz Fish.

Members of Iron Maiden are (l to r) Dave Sullivan, alternating lead and rhythm, Ron Matthews, drummer, Paul Day, vocals, Terry Rance, alternating lead and rhythm, and Steve Harris, bass.

Iron Maiden will be busy enough before the Assembly Hall concert, with dates at Cart and Horse, Stratford, Queen Elizabeth, Chingford and at Waltham Forest Polytechnic. (637)

Chapter One

Prehistoric Maiden – The Early Daze



Remember Terry Rance? How about Paul Day? Dave Sullivan? Well what about Ron Rebel, does that intriguing sounding moniker ring much of a bell? No? Somehow I didn't reckon it would. In which case I expect you'd be kinda surprised to learn that if you added the more familiar sounding handle of Steve 'Harry' Harris to that little lot you'd be looking at the first ever line-up of the Rock world's premiere energy force – Iron Maiden!

Maiden's debut crew first got together way back at Christmas 1975, although it's probably best not to go into whether or not they had anything tasty turn up in stockings. Steve Harris was the main mover behind this bold new venture, and from the off he had a very clear idea of what he wanted the band to be established in his mind.

But even Yuletide '75 is jumping the gun. If you want the works, we'd better start where young Harry started, back at Leyton County High School in his home town of Leytonstone, in the haunch rather than the heart of London's East End. At 15 Steve had already knocked a very promising career as a schoolboy soccer wizard on the nut (about which, more later Brian), having packed in training for West Ham United's youth team in favour of the more instant rewards of downing under-age lager and chatting up the nubile beneath the plastic palm trees at such celebrated teenage pleasure domes as the Tottenham Royal.

Before long he'd fallen under the spell of that well-known adolescent affliction, Rock music, thanks largely to the wicked waxings of Wishbone Ash, Tull and the mighty UFO (later, Priest and the Scorpions were to become even bigger influences). His school mate Dave Smith had taught himself guitar, but Harry fancied learning bass, and so he shelled out a hard-saved £40 to buy a Copy Fender Telecaster. Their pally knockabouts eventually crystalised into a band called Influence. But before they'd played their first gig they'd changed their name to the more evocative one of Gypsy's Kiss, which, for all you non-Londoners out there is a Cockney Rhyming Slang for... aw, work it out for yourselves, it's no big riddle.

School was out forever for Steve in 1972. Not wanting to follow his old



Gypsy's Kiss November '73

L to R: Paul Sears (drums) Bob Verschoyle (vocals) Dave Smith (guitar) Steve Harris (Bass)

man onto the lorries, Steve used the four 'O' levels he'd notched up to land a job as an apprentice draughtsman, toiling for the princely sum of eleven sobs a week. Later he got made redundant and graduated to road sweeping and an assortment of other dead-end jobs including a three day stint as a dustbin man. "I 'ad to pack that in cos I was fed up with getting maggots down me neck," Steve reveals.

But if his days weren't exactly a laugh a minute, the nights were going to get progressively more exciting over the coming years. Gypsy's Kiss played their first ever gig at the St Nicholas Church Hall in Poplar. It was a talent contest promoted by a bloke who was destined to go on to become an important cog in the Maiden machine – Dave Beasley, better

known now as Dave Lights. It wasn't a particularly breath-taking debut. One number began with a bass solo, but Harry was so nervous that he made a complete cock-up of it – so much so that the rest of the band thought he was tuning up. But they still did well, managing to finish second behind another local band called Flame (rumours that there were only two bands taking part are scandalous and uncalled-for!).

Over the next months the Gypoos gigged sporadically, slashing their way through a set comprised of such period piece covers as 'Paranoid', 'All Right Now', 'Smoke On The Water', 'Blowing Free', and a rowdy rendition of Neil Young's 'Southern Man' whine, fleshed out with such colourfully titled originals as 'Heat Crazyed Vole' (Honest!), and, keep yer teeth in for this one, 'Endless Pit' (which *isn't* rhyming slang), which

in fact featured part of what was to become 'Innocent Exile'.

After six gigs the Gypsies kissed no more and Harry joined another East London band called Smiler. Doug Sampson was their beat keeper, Dennis Wilcock the singer, with a couple of chaps name of Mick and Tony Clee handling the axes. At 26, both of them were eight years older than Steve and very much in charge of the show. Smiler were a rockabogie band, specialising in a basic Savoy Brown sort of sound. They gigged extensively round the East End, covering a circuit that would make for a well respectable pub crawl, and stoking rumours that the 12 bar work-outs they were known for weren't always entirely musical.

For Steve, the experience was invaluable, but the alliance was short-lived. Although Smiler did play a boogified version of his 'Innocent Exile', they turned down Steve's "first proper song", 'Burning Ambition', on the ridiculous grounds that it had "too many changes," and, even more ludicrously, "sounded like Genesis". Talk about bright as five watt bulbs!

Harry found Smiler's tunnel vision harder to swallow than the entire Bob Dylan back catalogue, so he quit to form a band of his own. Even then he had a firm idea of what the band should sound like. "By that time I'd written a few songs," he recalls, "so I knew what I was aiming at. I wanted a hard rock band who'd try out a few different changes, experiment a bit rather than stick to straight ahead three chord wonder stuff." Steve selected the macabre

moniker of Iron Maiden for the new band. Contrary to late rumours, this wasn't a tribute to Margaret Thatcher, the stoney-faced politician who shared the nickname. Like so many of the band's numbers, the name was inspired by a movie, in this case *The Man In The Iron Mask*. Although of course an actual Iron Maiden was much nastier than a mere ferrous face pack, being an obsolete torture instrument of unspeakable horror, a sort of body-shaped coffin with spikes on the inside.

Maiden's earliest set included such immortal standards as 'Prowler', 'Transylvania', 'Innocent Exile', 'Burning Ambition', and 'Iron Maiden' itself, which included the lines "Iron Maiden's gonna get you, no matter how far", though at the time he wrote them, young Steven would never have believed just how prophetic those words were going to prove. It was first played in public at the Cart & Horses boozer at Maryland Point, Stratford in May 1976. The place was so tiny the band had to change in the kharzi! Ron 'Rebel' Matthews handled drum duties, Steve was on bass, natch, Paul Day sang, and Terry Rance and Dave Sullivan blazed away on "alternating lead and rhythm guitar".

At the start it wasn't all that hard for the boys to come by local gigs. Steve acted as booking agent and put the contracts he'd built up during his sojourn with Smiler to good use, blagging gigs in all manner of disreputable local rubadubs, including the near-legendary Bridge House, situated on the Barking Road just under Canning

Town flyover (and now, sadly, a steak house called Bentley's). The Ruskin Arms, so prominent in Maiden's early legend, doesn't actually enter our story until over a year later.

So much occurred over the next couple of years that it's an odds-on certainty I'd confuse you with fact-hopping and name-dropping if I tried to detail the month by month developments. So to keep things simple, I'm gonna briefly summarise the line-up changes up until the one that most of you merry Maidenites would regard as the first Maiden incarnation. Believe it or nay, it took a lucky seven changes to get there . . .

Although the first Maiden line-up was well-received live, Harry, being ever the perfectionist, wasn't satisfied. For starters there was the guitar sound. Although Rance and Sullivan were spiffing rhythm twins, they were a trifle lacking in the scorching lead department. And singer Paul Day was another weak link. Not vocally, for as fans of his next combo More could tell you, Day possessed a fair pair of pipes. Unfortunately however, he was about as energetic on stage as Ross Halfin after fifteen crates of brown ale.

Steve replaced him with old Smiler songbird Den Wilcock who came up with a neat solution to the guitar inadequacies, suggesting they sign up Dave Murray, a talented young string-slinger who'd auditioned for Wilcock's first post-Smiler band, Warlock. The self-taught, Hackney-born and bred Joe Brown lookalike came down to audition for Maiden and was in like Flynn. This would've made the band a six-piece, except Messrs Rance and Sullivan got the arsehole about this implied slight on their skills. They said him or us, and so, as Steve so succinctly puts it, "that was the end of them!" Davey was in, and a certain Bob Sawyer (stage name Bob Angelo) was brought in to back him up on second guitar.

Davey lasted six months before him and Wilcock had a spot of verbal argey-bargey at a Bridge House gig. Wilcock promptly sacked him and Dave went off to join his pal Adrian 'H' Smith's Urchin. Maiden had dropped Bob Sawyer a while before because he was forever trying to upstage Davey, trying to compete with him instead of complementing his style. For example, Steve remembers, "Davey used to play with his teeth, so Bob had to try and do it too, but he always messed it up."

Smiler – October '74

(L to R: Mick Clee, Steve Harris, Den Wilcock, Doug Sampson, Tony Clee)





Smiler '74



Maiden – November '76

(L to R: Davey, Dennis Wilcock, Steve, Bob Sawyer, Rob Matthews.)



Paul Di'anno

Temporarily disillusioned with the twin guitarist concept because of this unnecessary aggro, Maiden recruited Terry Wapram from Hooker on the guitar and for the first and only time in their career advertised for an organist. "Iron Maiden want rock KEYBOARDS/ SYNTH player. No pros or poseurs," the advert in *Melody Maker* read. They got Tony Moore. Meantimes Ron Matthews had decided to rebel no longer, and was replaced as beat keeper by Thunderstick, then known only as plain Barry Purkis. This line-up lasted for one gig only. Keyboards obviously didn't fit in with Maiden's nifty no-nonsense style, and Moore got his cards. Wapram insisted he could only work with an organist, "so that was the end of 'im too."

Harry knew exactly who he wanted back – the easy-going, blond-haired, nimble-fingered Murray – and he went looking for him with his usual determination. Tracking Davey down at an Urchin gig, Steve layed the chat on thick, and managed to talk him back to the frenetic fold, much to H's disgust!!

They'd hardly got going again before Dennis Wilcock decided he'd "had enough" and dropped out, right on the verge of a gig at the Green Man Plumstead, which didn't please the rest of 'em too much. With the band temporarily on ice, Thunderstick followed suit. And then there was two – just Harry and Davey. Many might have taken the hint and let the whole thing drop, but not Steve Harris. Instead he contacted his old Smiler drum chum Doug Sampson and set about rehearsing for a solid six months, all the while looking out for someone strong enough to fill the vocals vacancy. Eventually Maiden found him in the shape of the diamond Paul Di'anno, a salt of the earth jack the lad from Chingford who was without a doubt Maiden's first proper singer. Harry met him through a chance chinwag with a mate of Paul's, Trevor Searle, who'd heard Maiden were short of a singer and approached Steve while he was downing pints during a Pink Fairies demolition of his old local, the Red Lion in Leytonstone (funnily enough, the gig was booked by the Pink Fairies agent, a certain Rod Smallwood, then at MAM Agency in London).

Paul got the call for a rehearsal and passed the test with flying colours on a spirited run through of Deep Purple's 'Dealer'. Apparently he kidded them on at the time that



Maiden – October '79: The two day line-up.
(L to R: Steve, Doug Sampson, Paul, Dave, Paul Todd.)



Steve & Dave 1976

he'd been in plenty of bands before, and was later prone to tell the press porkies about singing in reggae bands and such like. Such white lies were never malicious, but they were something Paul did all the time, just to enhance his reputation, I suppose. It was all harmless enough and did absolutely nothing to detract from his prowess as a singer or his charm as an archetypally cheeky Cockney wide boy. Di'anno joined towards the end of '78, just in time to partake in the start of Maiden's string of regular triumphs at the Ruskin Arms in High Street North, Manor Park, East London, where he made his debut on New Year's Eve that year.

Over the coming months, Maiden rebuilt their following and consolidated their reputation. Between now and the first press exposure in '79, the band's numbers were swelled by tykes like Paul Cairns (who lasted just under three months), Paul Todd (who lasted all of one week), and Tony Parsons who survived a whole ten weeks . . . but this is to stray like a simple-minded donkey into the next chapter's terrifying territory. Now, if you've followed all that mind-numbing roll-call rigmarole (talk about more changes than the guard at Buck House!) we can dawdle in the past apiece to colour in some of the less 'shopping list' aspects of Maiden's prehistory, fleshing out the way the character(s) of the band developed.

Back in '76/'77, Iron Maiden soon established themselves on the East End scene, and not only through their powerhouse performances either. The East London rock scene was very much a case of big fishes in a fairly insignificant pond, stuffed to bursting point with so-called local heroes who thought they were the bee's knees. To Harry they were more like the bee's rectum, and, being the biggest wind-up since Timex, he decided their egos needed deflating in his own inimitable style.

This was achieved by the simple measure of adding far from bashful comments about Maiden's abilities in every ad the band placed. These varied from the fairly restrained boast of "You ain't seen nothing yet", to more colourful snippets like "The only band worth seeing . . . bleed, shock and rock"; "Rock Kings Of The East End"; "We break, shake, shock and rock, we make the rest look average stock"; "The one and only red hot visual energy band"; "Aggressive bloody shock rock"; "Charlotte Rules OK"; and "Visual Detroit Rock" (the latter tag coined

in honour of the motor city's awesome agit-prop prodigal off-springs, the MCS).

Best of the lot though was the ad they placed in the *MM* after they'd come back from their six month lay-off. It read: "Iron Maiden are not only the *best* visual, high energy, *original*, loud but talented, good-looking, tasteful, heart-breaking, hard-hitting, bloodsucking, mindblowing, hard rock band in London! We're also very nice blokes, kind to fans and our families, hostile to other bands, but above all we're brilliant, ace superstars and we're honest and we're BACK!!!! SO FANS, RECORD COMPANIES, A&R MEN, AGENTS, PROMOTERS, FINANCIERS, AND ABLE YOUNG LADIES, *WATCH THIS SPACE FOR DETAILS!*"

Yeah, East London's finest sons sure knew how to smash back in style. Trouble was, a lot of their rivals didn't see the funny side. Loads of local bands used to come in and try and heckle them – or worse. On one note-worthy occasion at the Cart & Horses another combo gate-crashed the gig and poured beer all over Maiden's monitors, resulting in one all-mighty barney. So you see, Maiden had to be ready to ruck years before the Rejects had even seen the light of day...

In later ads, the Maiden logo – designed personally by Harry – was embellished by a short-lived Maiden symbol which consisted of a pair of lips spurring forth blood, sort of like a Stephen King version of the Stones' famous tongue. This symbol was based on Den Wilcock's stage act, which again takes some explaining.

Wilcock was a big Kiss fan, and it was his idea to introduce a spot of showmanship into the proceedings. So he took to stage with his right eye covered in a vivid splash of gawdy red make-up, like someone had given him a shiner with an over-ripe tomato. During 'Prowler' he'd don a flasher's mask (he'd never seen Genesis though, honest!) and a grubby lurker's mac, and, as Davey Murray was soloing he'd creep up on him from behind and pretend to bite his neck Drac style. The highlight of his act came during 'Iron Maiden' itself, when he'd run a sword through his mouth and spew out 'blood' from burst blood capsules. The rest of the band thought it was all a great giggle; especially when at an early Margate gig a couple of birds down the front fainted at the sight of it all. And it certainly gave Den a soupcon of the

Saturday

CHARLOTTE still rules, OK!

**IRON
MAIDEN**
RUSKIN ARMS
EAST HAM

ROCK KINGS
OF THE EAST END

IRON MAIDEN
CART AND HORSES
MARYLAND, STRATFORD

THE ONLY BAND WORTH SEEING
... BLEED, SHOCK & ROCK!

IRON MAIDEN
CART & HORSES, STRATFORD

WE BREAK, SHAKE, SHOCK AND
ROCK. WE MAKE THE REST LOOK
AVERAGE STOCK.

IRON MAIDEN
LIVE AND ALIVE AT THE CART &
HORSES
MARYLAND, STRATFORD

THE ONE & ONLY RED HOT,
VISUAL, ENERGY ROCK BAND

IRON MAIDEN
CART & HORSES, STRATFORD

PRODIGAL SONS RETURN!

**IRON
MAIDEN**
BRIDGEHOUSE,
CANNING TOWN

IRON MAIDEN

ARE NOT ONLY THE BEST VISUAL, HIGH ENERGY, ORIGINAL,
LOUD BUT TALENTED, GOOD LOOKING, TASTEFUL, HEART-
BREAKING, HARD HITTING, BLOOD SUCKING, MIND BLOWING,
HARD ROCK BAND IN LONDON! WE'RE ALSO VERY NICE
BLOKES, KIND TO FANS & OUR FAMILIES, HOSTILE TO
OTHER BANDS, BUT ABOVE ALL WE'RE BRILLIANT, ACE
SUPERSTARS & WE'RE HONEST! & WE'RE BACK!!!!!!
SO FANS, RECORD COMPANIES, A&R MEN,
AGENTS, PROMOTERS, FINANCIERS & ABLE
YOUNG LADIES, WATCH THIS SPACE FOR DETAILS!

IRON MAIDEN

Thurs.. 2nd: THE BRIDGEHOUSE, CANNING TOWN, E.16
Fri.. 3rd: THE HARROW, RIPPLE ROAD, BARKING
Sat.. 4th: WAPPING FESTIVAL, WAPPING PARK, E.1
Mon.. 6th: THE PLOUGH & HARROW, HIGH ROAD, LEYTONSTONE, E.11
Tues.. 7th: TEVIOT STREET JUBILEE PARTY, E.14

"You ain't seen nothing yet!"

BRIDGE HOUSE 23 BARKING ROAD
CANNING TOWN, E.16

Thurs. 2nd: **IRON MAIDEN**



Den Wilcock



Dave Lights



stage charisma he'd previously lacked.

After Wilcock quit, Harry wanted to keep the horror element but not in the somewhat old hat form of a crazed vocalist. And this was when Dave Lights hit on the idea of Eddie the 'Ead. Now, you remember Davey Lights of course. He entered our story with that first Gypsy's Kiss gig, but didn't meet up with Harry again until one night up the Bridge House in early '76. Turned out in their conflag that Dave lived in a converted vicarage ideal for such unholy activities as band rehearsals ... and that's exactly how they struck up a working friendship that's lasted over eight years. In actual fact, one of Maiden's earliest ever gigs was at a rowdy piss-up in Dave's back garden during the long hot summer of that year. The Old Bill answered killjoy calls of complaint about the racket, but when they turned up the sight of a party of neighbouring nuns who were getting into the heavy habit at the knees-up was enough to convince them that 'twas all harmless fun, and the complaints were just a load of cassocks. (Incidentally, Dave also reports various ghostly goings-on at the vicarage, but being a confirmed cynic I refuse to reprint a word of it. Almost certainly the only spirits at work here came out of a bottle marked Smirnoff).

As all you brain surgeons will have gathered, Dave picked up his nickname from handling Maiden's lighting. He's always designed and built the lights himself, even to this very day, although the veritable constellation of stars he brings alive now are a far cry from his first and humblest 'rig' – a pair of window boxes with three light bulbs in each, augmented by beer crate and flower pot efforts and two larger lights originally intended for shop window dressing! To improve this rudimentary dazzle tackle, he later broke into a closed down LEB factory in Poplar and half-inched a pair of theatre stage lights, which I suppose brings new dimensions to the phrase 'light-fingered'.

Along with another early recruit, monitor man-cum-tour manager Vic "Crazy Innit" Vella (a man much respected on the local rock circuit who had previously worked with Smiler and was personally invited to join the team by an impressed Harry), Dave worked on the rest of the band's stage effects with ever greater ingenuity. For example, they converted a vacuum cleaner into a dry ice machine with the aid of a

kettle element, and the mind boggles at some of the other wonders they cooked up using clock motors, bubble bottles, and all manner of household goods. Some of their flash devices were best described as 'over-enthusiastic' however. They blew up a boozier once using pyro boxes made from cigarette tins with fuses inside. "He (Lights) used to pile on the powder like nobody's business," grins Vic at the memory. Other times they used to hook up the explosives straight into the mains with fuse wire – talk about too risky! Harry and Dave Murray both suffered from their dodgy devotion to the big blast. On one occasion at the Ruskin, a flash went off directly under Dave Murray, singeing off his eyebrows and melting his PVC strides onto his pegs. (Harry remembers losing all the hairs on his left arm thanks to another reckless flash bomb). And

the very next night the pyrotechnic pair managed to blow up his brand new bass cabinet. Natch, November 5th was a God-send for our hair-raising amateur hour Guy Fawkes's. They loaded up with all the fireworks they could get their mitts on and almost razed the Tramshed in Woolwich to the ground when the lot went off at once.

Without a doubt, Dave's finest contribution was the creation of the 'Ead. He hit on the idea after Den Wilcock had shown the band his stack heels. He built a back drop with the band's logo painted on it in gold, and added a face mask moulded from someone's kisser that had apparently been nicked from a local art college. "I dunno whose boat it was," says Steve, "but he must have been ugly!" Dave put light bulbs round the edges and used a fish tank air pump to spew blood through the head's gob during 'Iron

Maiden'. The face got christened 'Eddie The 'Ead' from a gag that was doing the rounds at the time. Take it away, Davey: "A wife had a baby, but it was born with only a head and no body. 'Don't worry' says the Doctor, 'in five years' time bring him back and we'll probably have a body for him'. So, five years' later, there's Eddie The 'Ead on the mantelpiece when in walks his dad. 'Son,' he says, 'today's a very special day, it's your birthday and we've got a surprise for you'. 'Oh no, says Eddie, 'not another fucking hat.'"

Erh, yeah, come back Max Miller, all is forgiven.

The second version of the Eddie head was slightly bigger. Dave built it with fibreglass and added eyes to it that lit up. Red smoke bellowed from its terrifying trap. And the Maiden logo on the new improved backdrop was made up of bits of

First Iron Maiden 'Ead



glass, again painstakingly assembled by Monsieur Lights. And so Eddie remained bereft of body, until Derek Riggs enters the scene two chapters hence. (Actually the funniest thing that happened to the Eddie head occurred at a Belgian HM festival in April 1980. Seems it hadn't been set up properly and instead of the smoke issuing from its mouth, it blew the head off into the wings).

Back in '77, one of the strangest things that befell our heroes was getting booked to play the Roxy, the famous but well iffy punk emporium in Covent Garden's Neal Street. The band's name on a Roxy poster also

got Maiden their first ever national press – through it they were included in a *Sounds* punk/new wave round-up, although in reality they never played the place. The cock-up came about through the involvement of a certain Suzanne Black of the reggae label Klick Records who then had a distribution deal with RCA. She was interested in the band, and they were flattered by her attention, but seems they had very different things in mind. The band wanted a recording deal and were a mite bemused to arouse the interest of a reggae label. Ms Black assured them that the label wanted to branch out into rock, although

later it became clear that what she was really keen on was moving into management. Anyway, they auditioned for her and she was impressed. A couple of days later however, she was issuing plans for the band's development of a very unusual nature. Firstly, she suggested they incorporate a few 'commercial' covers (such as Todd Rundgren's 'I Saw The Light') into their set. Secondly, she said they should drop all their pyro and their satin stage schmutter. And finally, that they butcher their flowing barnets and adopt a punk image, spikes, safety-pins and all. The band's general reaction to this

Second Iron Maiden 'Ead



smithereens.
Iron Maiden played a Belgium Heavy Metal festival and their usually smoke-billowing dummy lost his head which shot into the wings at the speed of light. Their fans have proved to be somewhat on the loony side with one man giving up his job to follow them around Europe for two months.



I always thought those leathers and leopard skins were a bit suspect. Come on fads, own up, are you closet punks? An 'Old' new wave fan, Cleveland

"HM BAND DENY PLAYING THE ROXY" SHOCK

DEAR 'OLD' new wave fan, I have felt it necessary to reply to your letter in *Sounds*, November 17, mainly to put the record straight and to give you some information on the band as you obviously didn't read our interview in *Sounds* a couple of weeks back.

Iron Maiden has been formed approx three years and has always been a heavy metal or heavy rock band (labels change) as people who have followed us right from the start would know. However, this knowledge would have been restricted to our East End fans because until a few months ago we couldn't get gigs outside the East End because all that was wanted was punk or new wave and we were a heavy band. As in the interview, it is said that various record companies asked us to cut our hair and go punk which of course we refused to do. One particular record



STEVE HARRIS of Iron Maiden company agent arranged a gig at the Roxy (obviously the one you saw advertised) expecting us to play it but we told them where to go and definitely did *not* play the gig.

Let's face it, it would have been easier to go punk and get a deal but although it may sound corny we're not in this game for the money but for the music. Anyway, we were playing the Music Machine in London months ago billed as a heavy metal act at a time when it was a punk stronghold and heavy metal was hardly fashionable but of course you couldn't have

known that because until recently the press had also found it unfashionable to review heavy metal acts.

It must be easy to become a punk, you can have your hair cut and spiked up, and then become a mod by having it all shaved off but you cannot grow your hair past your shoulders overnight and none of us sport wigs, know what I mean? — Steve Harris, founder member of Iron Maiden.



IRON MAIDEN

RUSKIN ARMS, EAST HAM

well-meant but supremely dodgy advice was "Bollocks to that!". But bandwagon Black said that she'd already booked them into the Roxy for a showcase gig for lazy record company types who naturally couldn't venture all that way (all six miles) into the nasty old East End to see a band. "We weren't really aware of punk at the time," Steve recalls, "the bands weren't in the charts yet and we weren't quite sure what it was all about. So me and Den Wilcock went down to check the place out before we played there." Gene October was leading punky pretenders Chelsea through their rowdy motions when the hirsute pair showed up to case the joint and, as Harry explains "We just couldn't believe it. There were all these wierdos diving about spitting all over each other and soaking the singer. I said 'Fuck this, if we play

here there's gonna be a riot!' Imagine if our fans had gone down there and the punks had started gobbing, there'd have been one all-mighty knuckle. There was no way we'd play there, and no way we'd go along with the rest of her ideas. She freaked out, but that was the end of 'er!" And just to rub the point home, Vic Vella dropped her a line in March that year answering her long letter suggesting she take over 'semi-management' with a curt 'no interest' note.

That was the first but by no means the last time a record company trotted out the old 'If you wanna get ahead, get a haircut' line. And as punk went on to spell Big Bucks, it took a lot of guts for Maiden to stick to their guns and fly the flag for Heavy Metal music, which at the time was about as welcome as a dose of clap. But that's exactly what

they did for three solid years. Steve recalls "As soon as someone said 'You're good but you should go commercial' or 'You're good, but you should cut your hair' we just said 'Oh, okay' and walked out." Steve was so wary that his songs might get pinched by coniving record company coves that he took the precaution of safe-guarding his copy-right by posting them to himself in a registered envelope with an unbroken Red Seal — a memento that he's kept intact to this day.

Maiden's roots, loyalties and faith, lay in HM and unlike so many others they weren't prepared to take a short-cut to short-lived fame and fortune (filth and fury department) by hitching a ride on the nearest available bandwagon. Maiden rejected Punk, although in fact they had more in common with punk

mythology – working class kids playing high-energy music – than 90% of the poseurs down the Roxy. To Maiden punk was saliva. But it was saliva and kicking (sorry) for the next few years which meant the music biz powers-that-be could hear the tinkle of cash registers from few other directions over this period. The only real interest Maiden attracted in these early years came from a Belgian promoter called Ralph Roeske who wanted the band to base themselves in the land of sprouts. This was at a time in 1977 when the old Gypsy's Kiss drummer Paul Sears had temporarily taken over the band's management. Flattered, Harry and his herberts weren't convinced that regular graft in Belgium was really a step up the ladder to success worth giving up the wonders of West Ham and Riddles for. And so, politely, they turned the offer down.

One of their earliest fans was Big Keith Wilfort who now works full time in the Maiden office. He's an Arsenal fan, but then no-one's perfect. Catching Maiden's first ever Cart & Horses performance by accident – he was giving a barmaid's boyfriend the slip at the time after getting caught out taking her for a few shandies – the large loon was blown away by 'Transylvania' and was converted on the spot. One night Keith walked into the Bridge with a home-made t-shirt proudly proclaiming 'Charlotte Rules OK' (which inspired the ad snippet) and soon followed it with a more elaborate 'Invasion' t-shirt replete with rucking Vikings. So, he can take a bow for inventing 'The Maiden T-Shirt'. (The first official band t-shirts were simple black and red jobs printed up post-Bandwagon in '79). Later Big Keef graduated to flogging the band's merchandise, turning his home into a pit with thousands of copies of The Soundhouse Tapes (coming next chapter), and he now runs the Fan Club.

be able to play three or four nights a week AND pack the place out every time, whereas every other local band could just about manage one gig there a week. They started on 25 notes a night, and as their popularity got noisily obvious, got a raise to a princely £30 – talk about don't give up yer day-jobs! By now, New Wave completely dominated the gig circuit locally and nationally, and Maiden were becoming only too aware that they'd be running the risk of stagnation if they rested on their local hero laurels instead of trying to break out to pastures new. Recording their own demo tape was one sure way to blag gigs outside of the East End, and as Steve Harris was impressed by a demo Den Wilcock and Terry Wapram's new band V1 had recorded at the Spacewood Studios in Cambridge, Maiden decided to follow suit. It was dearer than a lot of local studios, but Harry realised recording on the cheap was a false economy. Old Year's Night 1978 was the only time they could get booked, so they took it even though they had nowhere up there to stay. Thankfully Di'anno's romantic charms (it sez here) won the day when he pulled a young nurse in a boozier and this selfless Florence Nightingale solved the problem by inviting the whole motley crew back to a New Year's Eve knees-up where, several sherberts later, they merrily crashed out. That first two day session set them back £200. They managed to record four Steve Harris compositions, 'Iron Maiden', 'Invasion', 'Prowler' and 'Strange World' and left with the intention of going back a couple of weeks later when they had more cash to flash, to polish 'em off, re-do the odd bum note, do a spot of remixing and so forth. However they didn't have enough readies at the time to buy the master tape, so when they did get back there they found the studio had wiped the master clean. So the demo tape which eventually made it onto vinyl was exactly the way it was recorded that taters New Years Eve – and a fine testimony to Maiden's early ability that it still sounded, and indeed still sounds, so raw, cocksure, and barbed wire catchy.

Soon after they took it to Neal Kay, the DJ/HM Godfather who ruled the rowdy roost at the Heavy Metal Soundhouse in Kingsbury, and a whole new chapter in their career opened.

BRIDGE HOUSE 23 BARKING ROAD
CANNING TOWN, E.16

ALL ADMISSION FREE

Thurs. 14th:	}	THE RETURN OF SOME OLD FRIENDS
Fri. 15th		ZAINE GRIFF AND SCREEMER
Sat. 16th		
Sun. 17th		JACKIE LYNTON AND HAPPY DAYS
Mon. 18th		IRON MAIDEN
Tues. 19th	}	FILTHY
Weds. 20th		McNAUGHTY

FEATURING
CHRIS THOMPSON





Chapter Two

Enter Catweazle – Bandwagon On The Roll



"Before 1979 Iron Maiden weren't a band – they were a hobby."
Rod Smallwood

'MAI-DEN! MAI-DEN! MAI-DEN!' Hundreds of raucous herberts bellow in unison, threatening to drown out the disco PA. Right now it's noisier than Petticoat Lane on a Sunday morning, and just a shade cooler than an active volcano. Heat and beat. My Fred Perry's stuck to me like a second skin, sweat-sodden and uncomfortable. 'Ultra-Ban Super-Dry' obviously wasn't designed for these sort of supra-Sahara temperatures. Maybe I oughta sue . . . Walls wet with accumulated sweat seem to bulge from the ludicrous numbers of punters, some 500 plus, shoe-horned into a shoe-box shaped club that could comfortably accommodate maybe a quarter of that number. No one is sitting down. They're up punching the air and hollering with just one thing on their minds – Iron Maiden.

It's the late summer of '79 and we're in the soon-to-be nationally notorious Bandwagon Soundhouse, a sweat box on the side of the Prince of Wales pub at Kingsbury Circle, North West London. Over the last few months, Iron Maiden have established themselves as the venue's most popular live act and it's easy to see why. Live, they just steam. They're like men possessed, a whirlpool of visual action that won't stand still for a split second. Even the bassist cavorts like a madman, and that singer with the voice like scorching sandpaper is cockier than the Fonz in an all-bird boarding school. The music that they make is something else altogether, like an unstoppable stampede of wild stallions. It's a real mean and nasty full-blooded noise made enticingly endurable by magnificently magnetic armour-plated melodies and handsome axework that soars up so high it leaves the everyday problems of work and women on another plane. Yeah, it's obvious to anyone with eyes that this band are gonna happen – big. The kids swinging off the rafters and whooping with delight just rub the point home.

In 1979, the Soundhouse was unique for a number of reasons, not least because it possessed a real bitch of a PA, a 2K affair piled up to

BANDWAGON HEAVYMETAL SOUNDHOUSE

Kingsbury Circle NW9

(Nearest Tube Kingsway on the Jubilee Line)

PRESENTS ON

FRIDAY 14TH SEPTEMBER

Special Guest

IRON MAIDEN

Doors open 8 pm admission 70p before 9 o'clock
£1.10 after 9 o'clock inc meal ticket (strictly 18 +)

Paul at the Bandwagon 1979.



the ceiling, much more of a band PA than the usual disco effort. But what made the place really special was the guiding light and guru of the establishment, DJ Neal Kay, the man who really established the place on a national scene. There were other Heavy Metal DJs round the country at the time, but none with Kay's vision or ambition. For him, the Soundhouse wasn't just a disco – it was a crusade. He refused to play ten year old standards, he was interested in the latest releases, contemporary faves, and promising new demo tapes. He wanted to use the Soundhouse as a platform to promote bands too. It was his way of taking on the music biz. Kay always had a messianic attitude to metal.

But he was a peculiar looking bloke, much like a sawn-off Catweazle, and was thus an easy target for music press sniping as I well know, having done a fair share of it myself. With his cascading acres of Wun Hung Loe 'tache and matching barnet, and his tiny stature boosted by rib-tickling platform boots (if he ever inadvertantly fell off

Dave at the Bandwagon 1979.

them, he was certain to burn up on re-entry), I once referred to him as a walking advert for why Woodstock was a bad idea. But despite all this, and his prehistoric 'far out' cosmic/comic jargon (even birds were addressed 'Hi man') Kay was a fine rabble-rousing DJ with a genuine love for the music he was championing. And it's important to stress just how crucial his support for the band was during 1979.

Neal Kay recalls very well the afternoon Dave Murray brought him in a copy of the demo, that was soon to become known as *The Soundhouse Tapes*, to try and blag a gig. "I said 'Oh yeah,'" Kay laughs, "You and five million others. I told him to leave it and maybe I'd get a chance to hear it a couple of weeks later. I really hate myself for that!"

But when he did play it, Kay immediately appreciated the power and the potential of the band. "I almost fell over," he grins. "I was running and screaming round the lounge like a lunatic. I just couldn't stop playing it. The next day I phoned Steve Harris up at work and

said to him 'You've got something here that could make you a lot of money'. And he laughed at me. He thought I was kidding!"

It was obvious to Kay that Maiden had something money couldn't buy – poverty. No, really he was impressed by a combination of things. "For a start it was a pretty together demo," he remembers. "There were a few bum notes, but Steve and co had realised that you need to use a decent studio. They hadn't wasted time, they'd gone in and worked hard. And the whole package was put together amazingly well. They'd obviously thought it out to the best of their ability at the time. And musically it was staggering. It was the melody plus the power that impressed me. Aggressive bands have been a dime a dozen since. But no one since has had the tunes too. The combination of power, speed, the key changes, the melody, and Dave Murray's melody lines bowled me over. It was very unique and very impressive. Definitely the most impressive demo I'd ever had delivered to me."



Maybe it was the way Harry wrote the songs that gave them their distinct flavour. All the demo songs were written on the bass rather than the guitar which obviously gives them a different feel and they were composed in pieces and then put together in the manner of most Maiden material. But whatever the band's 'X' factor was, it spelt excitement and exhilaration for everyone who saw or heard of them. Kay began playing the band's demo immediately, and no one was more surprised than Maiden when 'Prowler' turned up in the *Sounds* HM chart supplied by the Soundhouse at no 20 in the 17 February '79 issue. (Kay had been sending in a weekly chart since '78 and like everything he did to do with metal, he took it very seriously, basing it strictly on requests from the kids who regularly attended the Soundhouse).

"Me and Paul Di'anno went down there to see what the place was like," Harry recalls. "No one knew who we were, we were just two other 'eadbangers standing in the bar drinking. When 'Prowler' came on a big shout went up. It was really weird watching all these kids headbanging to us!"

By April 21 'Prowler' made number one and it stayed there for

months. The week after Maiden debuted there. The crowd went bananas and the only minor mishap came thanks to the trusty old backdrop. Seems it wouldn't fit right at the back of the stage and they had to go on with Ed towering over Doug Sampson's barnet. Needless to say when blood spurted out during 'Iron Maiden', poor old Doug got a shampoo job he wasn't expecting. Back in February however it didn't look like Maiden would be playing much this year at all, after some dastardly tea-leaves helped themselves to the band's truck from Fletching Road in Clapton complete with 12 grand's worth of gear on board. They half-heartedly advertised for the equipment in the *MM* and the ad was doubtful whether the band would be able to play 'for some time'. As luck would have it however, the peelers pulled their pinksies out and within weeks a 26 year old train guard called Ilkay Bayram and three youths from Homerton had been arrested and charged with the nicking and lucky old Maiden got their gear back intact.

Their success in the Soundhouse HM chart brought them to the nation's attention (and attracted the temporary gig-getting aid of Dave Betteridge at NEMS Agency), but it

was Kay who really pushed the band. He decided to take his Heavy Metal Crusade on the road to show the music world that there was not only life in the old metal dog, but that it had also spawned new pups with real teeth. Alan Lewis at *Sounds* christened the whole to-do 'The New Wave Of British Heavy Metal' and on a Tuesday night in May 1979, a somewhat dubious Geoff Barton of *Sounds* pulled on his best stack-heeled carpet slippers and headed off to the Music Machine (now posers' paradise The Palace) for what was to prove the metal New Wave's first public unveiling. Neal Kay had gone out on a limb and cobbled together a package of the Bandwagon's three most popular new acts with himself DJ'ing the whole event. *Sounds* captioned its coverage 'The page for idiots who liked playing cardboard guitar' in honour of the mascot Maiden had picked up at the Soundhouse, a bearded dipstick of a man called Rob Loonhouse, a wedding photographer who pioneered the bizarre but noble art of 'playing' (i.e. miming with) a hardboard flying V.

The bands on the bill were Angel Witch, Iron Maiden and Samson. Later Geoff wrote: 'I do definitely recall Maiden being the best band of the evening, infinitely preferable to the Sabs-worshipping Angel Witch and way ahead of Samson in the musical if not the presentation stakes.' It was no real contest. Angel Witch in their cheese cloth shirts and loon pants and with a sound like "the first Sabbath album played through a cement mixer," and Samson with their extravagant pyrotechnics and more 'traditional' approach to their music obviously weren't the stuff of world-conquering legend. The same can be said of most of the bands associated with the new phenomenon at this time. But at the same time, the new bands did represent something real – the real need of rock fans to find bands they could relate to again, and the real need for the metal genre to produce a young, dynamic alternative to lazy, geriatric metal monarchs/monoliths well past abdication time. Bloating by excess, castrated by indulgence, pampered by sycophants and hangers-on, the old rock stars had become like lumbering dinosaurs, out of touch with their fans and unable to fulfil the basic promises of good hard rock – to deliver excitement and escapism, to violate with volume and voltage, to outrage parents and erect rock dreams

Heavy Metal Chart

- 1 1 **PROWLER**, Iron Maiden, **Demo Tape**
- 2 7 **XANADU**, Rush, from '**Farewell To Kings**', **Phonogram**
- 3 6 **D.O.A.**, Van Halen, from '**Van Halen II**', **WEA**
- 4 2 **QUEEN OF SPADES**, Styx, from '**Pieces Of Eight**', **A&M**
- 5 4 **OVERKILL**, Motorhead, from '**Overkill**', **Bronze**
- 6 5 **TYRANT**, Judas Priest, from '**Sad Wings Of Destiny**', **Gull**
- 7 9 **IRON MAIDEN**, Iron Maiden, **Demo Tape**
- 8 13 **SPEEDY'S COMING**, Scorpions, from '**Fly To The Rainbow**', **RCA**
- 9 10 **BLUE COLLAR MAN (LONG NIGHTS)**, Styx, from '**Pieces Of Eight**', **A&M**
- 10 14 **GREEN MANALISHI (THE TWO PRONGED CROWN)**, Judas Priest, **CBS 12" Ltd Edition 45**
- 11 8 **DOCTOR DOCTOR**, UFO, from '**Strangers In The Night**', **Chrysalis**
- 12 19 **HATCH YOUR TRAIN**, Scorpions, from '**Virgin Killers**', **RCA**
- 13 3 **HOMEBOUND**, Ted Nugent, from '**Cat Scratch Fever**', **Epic**
- 14 17 **SUITE MADAME BLUE**, Styx, from '**Equinox**', **A&M**
- 15 11 **CRAZY ON YOU**, Heart, from '**Dreamboat Annie**', **Arista**
- 16 15 **SUPERNACHT**, Black Sabbath, from '**Volume IV**', **NEMS**
- 17 — **ANTHEM**, Rush, from '**Archives**', **Mercury**
- 18 12 **RIFF RAFF**, AC/DC, from '**Powerage**', **WEA**
- 19 16 **NOBODY'S FAULT BUT MINE**, Led Zeppelin, from '**Presence**', **Swansong**
- 20 — **SYMPTOM OF THE UNIVERSE**, Black Sabbath, from '**Sabotage**', **NEMS**

Compiled from record requests at The Bandwagon Heavy Metal Soundhouse, Kingsbury Circle, London NW9.



Paul and Loonhouse: Music Machine October '79.

STOLEN

Stolen from Fletching Road, E5 between 1 a.m. - 8 a.m. Thursday morning 2nd February, 1978, our truck plus the following contents:

- 1 pair 2 x 15 Gauss Bass Bins
- 1 pair Altec V.O.T. Bins
- 1 pair 1 x 15 K140 Emphasis Mid Bins
- 1 pair Altec 808A Horns with 809 Passive Crossover
- 1 6 Drum Rodgers Kit + Cymbals + stands
- 1 Wurlitzer Electric Piano
- 1 H/H 100 watt Combo
- 1 Hiwatt 100 Lead Amp Top
- 1 Hiwatt 100 watt Graphic Lead Amp Top
- 1 4 x 12 Marshall
- 1 4 x 12 Nicholls
- 1 4 x 12 Hiwatt
- 6 AKG D190E Mics
- 2 Shure Unisphere Mics
- 1 Shure Unidyne Mic
- 1 Multicore 16 way + Reel and Stage Boxes
- 1 4 x 12 Monitor Column
- 2 1 x 12 Wedge Monitors
- 1 12 into 2 M/M Mixer + Multicore
- 1 Gray Plastic Lead Box + Leads (speakers) mains, etc)
- 1 maroon steel box Luton Transit LLA 875D wadden roller back

All items stencilled "Iron Maiden" except Gauss Bins which are stencilled "Ban Equipment Hire". All items also have distinguishing marks. Large reward offered for details leading to recovery. Phone 723 6093, days; 986 1148 evenings. We would also like to apologise to fans who would have turned up at the Orange Tree and Windsor Castle this week, also Superfly Productions but due to the above event it seems unlikely we will be able to play for sometime.

THANKS - IRON MAIDEN

Iron Maiden charge

A 26-year-old train guard from Stratford was charged at Old Street Court on Friday with stealing £12,000 worth of equipment belonging to the Iron Maiden pop group.

He was Ilkay Bayram of Chobham Road, who is alleged to have stolen speakers, amplifiers, microphones, an electric piano and other equipment from a lorry in Fletching Road, Clapton between February 1 and 2.

Bayram was remanded on bail until March 7 when he is due to appear with three youths from Homerton who are charged with the same theft as well as burglary and other offences.



ROD

against the world. The old guard had outlived their function which is why the new breed were so readily received.

As always when a new wave breaks, what really happened was the explosion of interest and enthusiasm cleared the way for the bands with the real lasting talent to come through. Of all the bands talked about in the pages of 1979 *Sounds* only three have survived and thrived – Iron Maiden, Leppard and Saxon. Worldwide, Maiden have topped the lot.

It was around this time, early summer '79, that another highly important personage enters our story, Mr Roderick Charles Smallwood, whose legendary unwillingness to flash his cash soon led to yours truly re-christening him Rod Smallwallet for posterity. Rod was a non-graduate of Trinity College Cambridge, a towering son of Yorkshire far removed from the majority of the blue-blooded chinless wonders who populate such establishments. By a cunning series of subject jumps, Rod was able to spend three years at Trinity playing rugby, going to parties, getting pissed, and generally failing exams until he received the order of the boot. Somehow he also found time to promote May Balls with his

student pal, Geordie Andy Taylor, who fared noticeably better examwise and is still Rod's partner today. This was Rod's 'in' to the music business, and after college he progressed from a Cambridge agency to a London one, MAM, where he signed up Cockney Rebel, Be-Bop Deluxe, Golden Earring and Judas Priest, and also represented Mott the Hoople, The Kinks, and . . . the Rubettes!

This was followed, after an obligatory period bumming around the Left Bank in Gay Paree, by his first involvement with management with Steve Harley's Cockney Rebel. After a frustrating experience with Gloria Mundi ("RCA fucked 'em up completely" he remembers), '79 found Rod disillusioned with the music business, on the verge of dropping out of it completely with a view to eventually going back to college to study law. As luck would have it, a scrum chum of his called Andy Waller worked in a Architect's office with the Harris, and knowing Rod's musical bent passed him Maiden's demo tape for an earful in the April. Rod remembers being impressed but unsure if anything could still happen in this line of music. Besides, he wasn't about to follow up the lead then as a six week Rugby tour of sunny California

beckoned. On his return in June, Rod was booted out by his 'rugby widow' missus and found himself footloose and fancy free again. By this time, *Sounds*' interest in the embryonic NWOBHM seemed to suggest that Metal could happen again in this country.

"I was never into punk or Oi!," Rod says, "always Rock, which is why I'd got disillusioned with music in the first place. I played the Maiden tape a few more times, liked what I heard, called up Steve and said I was interested in seeing the band live, but not in the East End because I'd heard all these bad rumours about the place and was a lazy bugger like the A&R men."

So Rod booked the band two showcase gigs – one at the Windsor Castle in North London, and one at the Swan in Hammersmith. Neither of them went to plan. At the Windsor Castle the band had a big dust-up with the guv'nor who kept trying to get 'em to go onstage before the bulk of their fans had turned up. Not knowing Rod was mingling with the billies, the band told the bloke where to stick his booze and he immediately promised to ban them from North London for life (which admittedly is no big hardship). Everything was running smoother than a Sting con at the Swan gig, until



Tony Parsons.

about five minutes before the band were due on stage. Suddenly a worried looking Harry sidled up to Rod and started, "I don't know how to tell you this, but . . ." Paul Di'anno had been outside chinwagging with the fans when the peelers collared him and frisked him for drugs, whereupon they chanced on his perfectly innocent flick knife (he used it to pick his teef, your honour). They knew he was due on stage any minute but, ACAB and all that, wouldn't let him out of nick. Facing a pilchard-packed pub and a potential manager, Maiden gamely went on as a three piece, playing a largely instrumental set with Steven straining his larynx just a little. Di'anno got out in time for the last few numbers (he eventually copped a small fine for possessing an offensive weapon) and Rod was as delighted as a louse on Lemmy's luvable head.

Iron Maiden arrested

PAUL Dianne, lead singer with up-and-coming heavy metal band Iron Maiden, was arrested by police last Thursday for carrying a knife, forcing him to miss the band's appearance at the Hammersmith Swan

"I was very impressed," Rod remembers, "I'd never seen a band who looked the audience straight in the eye and obviously enjoyed themselves like they did. So it was obvious to me just on that first impression that they seemed to be a band who could go a long way, because they had a good built-in attitude, a lot of integrity, and the vitality and the charisma on stage just from Steve and Davey was very very powerful. I think it was their honesty that impressed me most. They were for real!"

It was around this time that Paul Todd joined the band as a much needed second guitarist. After he passed the audition, Maiden had their first ever photo session shot by Chris Harler with Todd in the line-up, but the day after he rang up and whined that his lady love didn't want him to go on the road and so – how's it go, Harry? – "that was the end of 'im!" So the band signed up Tony Parsons from Potters Bar – not the author of the same name. Parsons lasted 10 weeks, long enough to get included in the band's

Gig fees

To Club £100/50% cash
+ VAT.

Metro £150/60% cash
+ VAT

Leave Nashville to me

To pay:

① Wages:	Band 5 x 40	200
	Crew 1 x 60	
	3 x 40	120
② Per Diems:	9 x £8	72
③ Hotels - approx.		108
		<hr/> 560
Petrol/fleet		100
		<hr/> 660.

I'll give Steve ~~£350~~ 400 to give
you when you pick them up on Friday.

Wages Vic 60
Band 4 x 40 280
+ Crew 3

Per diems £8 each
72.

~~Per diems~~

Drinks in dressing room 20.

Pick up:

Birkenhead £100 + VAT / 60% Strayn Caf/Rod
Warrington £100 + VAT 160% D/F.

IRON MAIDEN Band Hotels

Feb 2 Beacons Hotel S. 18.50 } all inclusive
Glasgow T 27.25

Pay by cheque. £145.00

3 St Andrews Hotel £13.00 per person all inclusive
Pay by cheque 191

4. Arden Hotel, S. 10.92 } inc Bfst + VAT
Edinburgh T 18.40

Pay cash £66.12

5 Crest Hotel
St James Sq, Gtmsby S. 17.90 } inc VAT & Service
Pay cheque T 24.80 }
Cash £115.83

6. St Vincent Rocks Hotel S. 18.00 } inc VAT & Bfst
Clifton, Bristol T 26.50
Pay cheque.

7. Grove House Hotel S. 8.50 } inc Bfst.
Wakefield T 14.00
Rod. Pay cheque will settle Acc.

8 George Hotel
Huddersfield. ALREADY PAID.

9 Sandpiper Inn S. 13.95 } exc everything
Manchester. T 9.95
Pay Cash (approx £115)

10 London hotel to be arranged for Paul
+ Dave only.

11 Fernleaf hotel
Mansfield £7.50 per head inc. VAT & Service
Pay Cash.

12 No Hotel - return.

first ever *Sounds* feature, but due to his all-round inertia he wasn't a tremendous success on stage, where he looked about as happy as a bastard on Father's Day.

While Parsons was in the ranks, Rod and the band agreed on the need to gig outside of London un peu more, and so the acting manager scored gigs for them in such far-flung and exotic locations as Aberdeen and Blackpool. And this is where the Green Goddess enters our jackanory. Vic Vella was the man behind the Goddess, the band's legendary '79 tour bus. Before it, they'd had to make do with a clapped out old transit of dubious insurance status. But they managed to borrow two grand from Steve's Aunt Janet (almost all her savings, so she must have had faith in her long-haired nephew) to buy a three ton truck which was instantly christened the Green Goddess for obvious reasons. Its weight put the

truck just under the HGV limit, which meant they could all drive it, but poor old Vic was given just two days to convert it into a serviceable tour bus. He had it parked outside his drum, working round the clock on it, drilling, sawing and generally putting off rozzers answering complaints about the racket, and somehow managed to finish it in time. "Vic kitted it out real good," Steve recalls. "It was lined with teak on the inside and there was an intercom fitted so we could tell the driver when we wanted to stop for a slash. The back half held all the gear, Vic put a shutter on the side, and nine bunk beds on the front half - just enough for the band and the crew" (Vic, Dave Lights, 'Loopy' Newhouse the drum roadie who now works at Hammy Odeon, and roadie Pete Bryant who's now a fireman - bet his training on Davey's pyroes helped plenty!). "He even fitted a window at the front an' all,

over the driver's cab. We couldn't afford hotels, so we used to gig over long weekends and sleep in the Goddess. I remember once we played Birkenhead Gallery Club and it was so cold that when we woke up we were covered in a thin layer of frost! It was a great laugh though."

Full of good intentions the band introduced a 'No Wimmin' rule for the Goddess, which, needless to say was broken on its first day out! Vic remembers them getting stuck with two birds around this time who were so helpful they were eventually rewarded with a job in catering (evil minds please note, spotted dick wasn't on the menu...)

Tales involving the fabled Double G contraption and the band's tours in '79 and '80 are manifold and often worth relating. Vic recalls the time in Bristol where they stayed in a hotel so rosey that the band decided to say their goodbyes in a rather



Vic "Crazy Innit" Vella and the first Maiden Mobile

unorthodox way – with Doug Sampson gobbing on the curtains, Harry pissing in plant pots and Di'anno pissing behind a couch, leaving his calling card sprayed all over the wallpaper.

Sadly you won't be hearing about the activities of a certain Mr Ken Jenkins, the only member of the original crew we haven't name-checked yet. White-faced veterans recall in tight lipped horror, the ghastly sordid activities this gent got up to on the Goddess, and those of us with impeccable morals can breath an all mighty sigh of relief that none of them are remotely printable. I'm afraid you'll have to make do with the knowledge that Ken was never ever seen sober. He was a close mate of Davey's, the two of 'em used to prop each other up something rotten, and suffice to say that if that man is still alive today it is a moving testimony to medical science and/or the indestructability

of the Cockney liver (gawd bless it).

Another real character was the inimitable Vic Vella who kept his own private memories of gigs jotted down on the itineraries, so when I was going through them I chanced upon such gems as "This man is so tight he wouldn't give his own shit away" – about one pub owner who for diplomacy's sake had better remain anonymous. As he tells it, Paul Di'anno was a pea-shooter addict, creating a rain of terror wherever he ventured with this deadly device and running up several large hotel bills with the mess he left behind. Dave remembers a more serious mess. "Paul was one of them blokes who used to love starting trouble but didn't like to stay around and finish it," he recalls. "I remember he was in this row with two blokes in the Rock Garden. I stepped in to calm things down and when I looked round Paul had gone and the next thing I know I'd been bottled." On a less serious

note, Vic remembers a time when they parked the Goddess in open space to kip down for the night after a gig, and when they woke up the open space turned out to be a carpark and they were surrounded, stuck solid in parked traffic for over two hours. Later Doug Sampson got Vic to do a Dennis Weaver with the Green Machine, pursuing some terrified John Doe for miles through the Scottish lowlands. . .

Back at the time they first got the Goddess, Maiden were still playing the Soundhouse every other week to consistently crazy receptions. One of their earliest breaks came from Motorhead, who especially asked for the band to support them at a charity benefit gig Lemmy's loonies played at the Music Machine on 3rd September 1979. Motorhead were billed as Iron Fist and The Hordes From Hell, but enough punters rang up asking when Maiden were on to let anyone clued in know that this

band were arriving – fast.

The clued-in didn't include the majority of London A&R men (universally known as Umm and Ahh men). The band's first sighting of one of these peculiar beasts was at the pair of note-worthy free gigs they played at The Swan on the 3rd and 4th October (Rod recalls staying up all night writing the posters out by hand – well, they cost money to get 'em printed!). Chrysalis turned up, but couldn't make up their mind whether or not they were interested.

The first time Rod went out of his way to attract A&R interest was after he'd bagged the band their first Marquee headline for Friday 19 October however. He achieved this major triumph by phoning up in the guise of a booking agency and remembers having to do much persuading and plying with alcohol before Marquee boss man Jack Barry agreed to let them use their backdrop for the event. Ironically the Marquee ad in *Sounds* printed Maiden's moniker much smaller than they did the UK Subs' for example – funny when you think how far the two bands have gone since, in opposite directions!

Even with this sort of prestige gig, A&R response wasn't exactly over the moon. A&M never showed at all. CBS came down a few times but decided the band's material "wasn't strong enough." Warner and his brother were similarly unimpressed and went as far as to send them a rejection slip (tee hee). People at street level were well aware that something major was happening on the metal front, but the news wasn't to filter through to most record companies until months later, whereupon the Umm & Ahh brigade started running around like headless chickens signing up everything that had hair over its minces and knew how to string a few old Purple chords together. To their credit EMI were far more in touch with the streets than their counterparts. Towards the end of '79 Ashley Goodall at EMI hit upon the idea of assembling a selection of new rock acts on one sampler lp called *Metal For Muthas* (a name conjured up by that crazy critter Neil Kay) sampler. By coincidence Ashley contacted Maiden at the same time as Rod was trying to get hold of John Darnley – an A&R man he knew from his time with Cockney Rebel. In contrast to the other bands included, Maiden negotiated about the album in a tough, professional manner. Says Rod, "We were sure it



marquee

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<p>Fri 11. Oct. 7.30 - 11.00 IRON MAIDEN LIVE</p>	<p>Mon 22. Oct. 7.30 - 11.00 THE PRETENDERS LIVE</p>
<p>Fri 25. Oct. 7.30 - 11.00 BACK TO ZERO LIVE</p>	<p>Fri 25. Oct. 7.30 - 11.00 THE ADVERTS LIVE</p>

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IRON MAIDEN

+ guest PRAYING MANTIS

MARQUEE WARDOUR ST. FRI OCT 19 8.00 p.m.

wouldn't be worth us doing it unless we could do it our way. Which meant we insisted on at least a couple of days to do the recording with Neil Harrison at EMI's Manchester Square Studios. And we insisted on having two tracks included, with one of them as track one, side one. Our attitude was we do it our way or we won't do it at all."

All this was being hammered out with Goodall, but Rod waited till Darnley was back from his hols to talk real business about signing the band. Rod took Darnley to that first Marquee triumph. The place was sold out by 7.30 (in fact Rod won a fiver in a side bet with the Marquee management that it would be!) and Darnley couldn't have been anything but bowled over by the band's scorching set and the crowd's equally ape-shit appreciation of it.

He went back and reported to his boss at the time, A&R Director Brian 'Shep' Shepherd (now managing director of Phonogram UK) and ten days later Shep took himself off to the Soundhouse to see the metal miracle workers first hand. Getting lost on the way, he turned up mid-way into a scorching set, and being of sound mind didn't risk trying to fight his way through the heaving mass of humanity jam-packed in front of the stage. Instead he took up a vantage point near the back, but being just five and a half foot tall, he only kept the band in sight for five minutes before some enthusiast had hoisted a banner blocking out his vision completely. But still an atmosphere more electric than the LEB told him all he needed to know. Shep seconded Darnley's enthusiasm, and after the usual toing and froing between solicitors

(Maiden's man was Howard Jones - no relation - at Bernard Sheridan & Co, who's been with them ever since) the band's signing to EMI was finally officially announced in the 15th December edition of trade bible *Music Week*.

It was only after he'd won them the deal that Rod agreed to manage Maiden, but not because he was waiting to get a record company. He'd had his fingers burned before with Steve Harley and was eager not to have the same thing happen all over. "I found with Cockney Rebel that the band changed so much they became unbearable," he says. "Harley was a really well-balanced character - he had a chip on both shoulders. As he got better known he got worse and we fell out totally. Having given up management once I wanted to make sure that this time round the people I was dealing with weren't gonna become arseholes in two years time. I gave it four months before I decided they wouldn't and as you can see, I wasn't wrong."

Rod's decision was imparted with typical eloquence. Steve remembers sitting in a boozier with him near his Knightsbridge office discussing their future plans. "Does this mean you're gonna manage us then?" Harry asked. "Yeah, fucking right I am!" replied the Yorkshireman.



Maiden sign to EMI: L to R: standing - Martin Haxby (business affairs chief), Brian "Shep" Shepherd, Steve Cook (business affairs), John Darnley, Ashley Goodall. seated - Paul, Doug, Rod, Dave, Steve (holding contract!)

Certainly influential in persuading EMI to talk deals was Maiden's appearance on the front page of *Sounds* on 27 October. Deaf Barton can take the credit for that piece which was a gem of descriptive writing, likening Dave Murray and his ever-flailing strands of blond hair to "a charlady who's fallen over on-stage and is waving her mop frantically above her supine body trying to signal for assistance" and drawing the readers' attention to Paul Di'anno's 'roughly hewn stable lad charm' ("E made me sound like I smelt of 'orse manure" Paul moaned to me later).

Barton's sidekick for the feature was the legendary HM lensman and renowned pervert Ross Halfin, who by an enormous coincidence did his first ever professional photo-session for Rod back in his Gloria Mundi days (Ross charged a very reasonable £35 – a price that ensured he wasn't to meet up with Smallwallet again for two whole years!).

Barton's piece was also important in bringing out the band's down to earth nature and characters. Though taking their music deadly serious, their attitude to the biz was, as Di'anno succinctly said "A laugh. I'd hate for us to become too earnest and intense. I mean, I fall over on me arse, make cock-ups and that's what it's all about, innit? When we get time off we go and see West Ham play and I act like an 'ooligan. I can't see that ever changing. It's like AC/DC, they've become successful but they've still managed to remain honest, regular sort of guys. They're our sort of group, a sort of no nonsense get down and just do it group. Like us they're down to earth. And I'm gonna make sure we stay that way." The only thing the band and the writer fell out about was the validity of the NWOBHM, Steve insisting that metal had merely gone underground over the previous few years. "There were still thousands of kids into the music, it was just that the press didn't write about it," he

argued. While Di'anno added: "Obviously we are part of a new wave of Heavy Metal, but like Steve was saying I don't know if Heavy Metal ever really went away . . ." One thing the band didn't do was stop working while the EMI deal was getting thrashed out. Smallwood had raised eight grand from various shady sources, including a hefty O.D., to back them and got them a deal with John Jackson of Cowbell Agency. At the end of October, he was confident enough about their future to have them quit their jobs (Steve was still a draughtsman, Doug Sampson was on the dole, Dave Murray was a storeman for Hackney Council "so I could sleep off the night before," and contrary to what he told the press Paul Di'anno was *never* a North Sea Oil worker!) to embark on their first headline UK tour from November 1st to December 16th, taking in club and college dates around the country.



Maiden's (i.e. Doug Sampson, Paul, Tony Parsons, Dave, Steve) first photosession for the press. Shots by Ross for Geoff Barton's *Sounds* Feature in October '80.

TRIUMPH · SKIDS · MO~DETTES · HUMAN

Sounds

**NOT JUST
A PRETTY
FACE**

Iron Maiden, p18

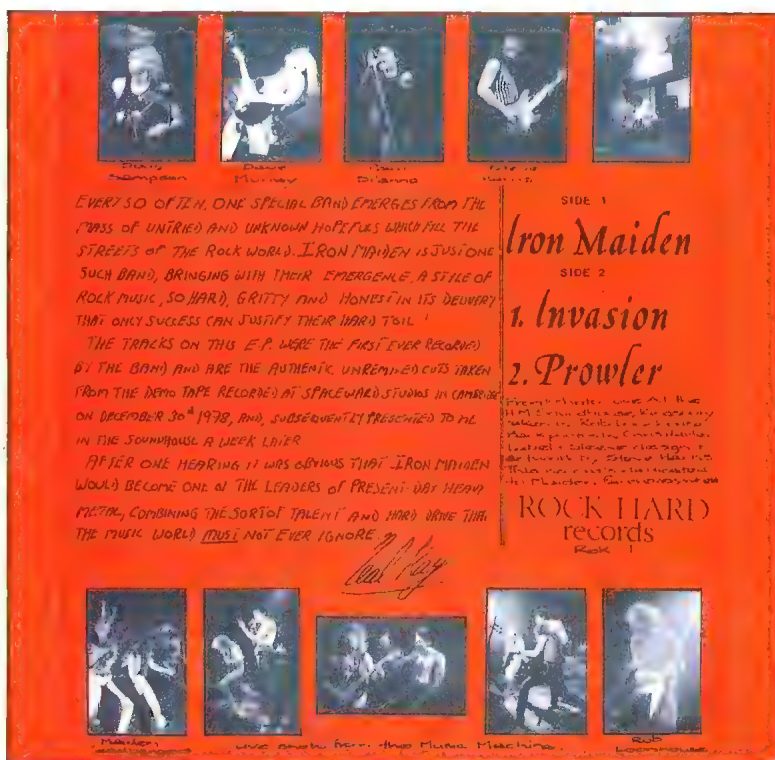


On 9 November, because of mounting interest among Britain's mayhem merchants, Maiden decided to release three unremixed tracks from the Soundhouse Tapes – 'Prowler', 'Invasion' and 'Iron Maiden' – as an ep on their own label, 'Rock Hard Records', pressing just 5,000 copies. They used one of Loonhouse's shots on the front and cheekily used Chris Haorler's contacts on the back (no, Rod never paid him) along with some suitably messianic sleeve notes from the Prophet Kay. He wrote: "Every so often one special band emerges from the mass of untried and unknown hopefuls which fill the streets of the rock world. Iron Maiden is just one such band, bringing with their emergence a style of rock music so hard, gritty and honest in its delivery that only success can justify their hard toil! The tracks on this ep were the first ever recorded by the band and are the authentic unremixed cuts taken from the demo tape recorded at Spacewood Studios in Cambridge on December 30th 1978, and subsequently presented to the Soundhouse a week later. After one hearing it was obvious that Iron Maiden would become one of the leaders of present day heavy metal, combining the sort of talent and hard drive that the music world must not ever ignore!" Blimey! It still brings a tear to the eye to this very day (if you happen to be peeling an onion at the time . . .)

Steve Harris actually hand-drew all the rest, including the label. *The Soundhouse Tapes*, as the EP was christened, never went on retail sale, but was distributed by Keith Wilford and his mum from their house in Beaconsfield Rd, East Ham. They shifted 3,000 copies in the first week alone which gives you some idea of the demand. In fact Rod got calls from major retail chains like HMV and Virgin trying to order vast quantities. 20,000 got ordered by the chains in one week, and although the resulting cash would have come in very nicely, Rod refused to supply the records because the band wanted to keep the ep as something special, for the hardest of the hardcore fans only. As the record flew out, the band flew round the country, gigging in such joints as the Middlesborough Rock Garden, Retford Porterhouse and the Brunel Rooms in Swindon. Two dates stick out in the collective mayhemic memory, the first being Aberavon Nine Volts Club on 9 November if only because the chaps visited a

closed down Ghost Train near-by. Natch they all wandered about trying to terrify each other by playing groovy ghoulies when Vic Vella accidentally trod on a power

button, activating the equipment which resulted in several white-faced, brown-trousered herberts legging it as if Dracula himself had just offered 'em a quick bite.



IRON MAIDEN

The Soundhouse Tapes

IRON MAIDEN PROWLER INVASION

105 Beaconsfield Road, London E16

These are the original unedited tapes from the H.M. Soundhouse charts.

IRON MAIDEN

require second lead guitar to begin immediately.

Fully pro. basis. Recording and touring schedules set. Must be H.M. freak, 22 or under. Send tape, full length photo, details of career to date and phone no. to Iron Maiden, 45 Beauchamp Place, London, S.W.3. Only the heaviest need apply. NO DISCO, POP, MOD, etc.

Maiden's Music Machine headline on Bonfire Night was equally memorable. Needless to say, Dave Lights had stocked up with fireworks for the occasion. Come the fatal moment he pressed the button and as the fireworks all went off simultaneously so did the power because he'd blown every fuse in the place! God only knows what Davey Murray got up to on the road, but there were a few peculiar letters from outraged boyfriends printed in *Sounds* around this time including one from a jilted John called 'Jealous Dave' who threatened to 'pummell his brains in cos he's ruined an ace relationship with my girlfriend! On December 14, the band had their first radio session broadcast on Radio One's Friday Rock Show. They did versions of 'Iron Maiden', 'Sanctuary', 'Transylvania' and 'Running Free' without the aid of Parsons, who they'd dropped along the way. The band gamely carried on gigging as a four-piece while advertising in *Melody Maker* for "a second lead guitar to begin immediately. Fully pro basis. Must be HM freak, 22 or under. Only the heaviest need apply. NO DISCO, POP, MOD, etc." They still managed ten tasty gigs this month. The

THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION		BRITISH BRC		EMI RECORDS	
BROADCASTING HQ 156 LONDON W1A 1AA		BROADCAST		JVS	
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3	PROG No	Ext	4254	TELEGRAMS AND CABLES	
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14th November 1979					
7.50 - 11.00p.m.					
11.00 - 2.30a.m.					
4	STUDIO PLACE				
101	NY6				
100	BROADCAST DATE & TIME				
10.00 - 12.00 midnight					
5	PROGRAMME				
THE FRIDAY ROCK SHOW					
PRODUCER	Tony Wilson				
6	FEES				
Two hundred and sixteen pounds (£216.00)					
(£108.00 each session)					
7	Dear Sir,				
8	Yours faithfully,				
9	J.L. KENNEDY (Maiden)				
10	IRON MAIDEN				
11	45 Beauchamp Place, London, S.W.3.				
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Marquee on Sunday December 9th was a real stormer, and it was obvious from the numbers turned away that the band had already outgrown the place. Writing in *Record Mirror*, Malcolm Dome observed "Maiden received the sort of reception that must send cold shivers down Jimmy Page's fret board. This lot are going to blast the older generation of heavy rockers clear out of their penthouse suites in the coming months."

To their eternal credit, Iron

Maiden never let such praise or prognostications go to their heads. They were determined to hang on to their sense of fun and finished the year with a Music Machine megabash on December 19, replete with amps covered in cotton wool snow and an 'eadbanging Santa who showered the faithful with all manner of Maiden manna. It was a laugh a minute end to a sensational year which had seen the band achieve more than they'd thought possible. They'd headlined the

Marquee and the Music Machine. They'd had great press. And they'd got themselves a real manager, an agency, and a major recording deal. The days of ruling the roost at the Ruskin for thirty quid a night might well have been a world away. And yet to think their biggest ambition early on was to get a support at the Marquee – old Jack Barry had turned them down plenty of times before October 1979. He never did again.



Xmas bash at the Music Machine, Camden Town. 1979.

IRON MAIDEN TOUR DATES 1979

AUGUST

- 17 GALLERY, BIRKENHEAD
- 18 SEVEN SISTERS CLUB
- 19 NEWBRIDGE MEMORIAL HALL, GWENT
- 20 MUSIC MACHINE, LONDON
- 24 ROCK GARDEN, LONDON
- 25 RUSKIN ARMS, LONDON
- 30 CIRCLES, SWANSEA
- 31 9 VOLTS, ABERAVON

SEPTEMBER

- 1 ROYAL NAVAL CLUB, TONYPANDY
- 6 SWAN, HAMMERSMITH
- 7 RUSKIN ARMS, LONDON
- 8 GREYHOUND, LONDON
- 10 MUSIC MACHINE, LONDON
- 14 BANDWAGON, LONDON
- 15 RUSKIN ARMS, LONDON
- 27 DOUBLE SIX, BASILDON
- 28 LAFAYETTE
- 30 MUSIC MACHINE

OCTOBER

- 5 RUSKIN ARMS
- 6 BOAT CLUB, NOTTINGHAM
- MIDDLE OF THREE, TRENT SIDE, TRENT BRIDGE
- 12 NEWBRIDGE MEMORIAL HALL, GWENT
- 13 UMIST, MANCHESTER
- 19 MARQUEE
- 26 9 VOLTS, ABERAVON
- 27 NAVAL CLUB, TONYPANDY

NOVEMBER

- 1 RUFFLES, ABERDEEN
- 2 NORBRECK CASTLE, BLACKPOOL
- 5 MUSIC MACHINE (HEAVY METAL BONFIRE NIGHT EXPLOSION)
- 9 BANDWAGON, KINGSBURY
- 14 RADIO ONE: FRIDAY NIGHT ROCK SHOW
- 16 76 CLUB, BURTON-ON-TRENT
- 17 METRO, LIVERPOOL
- 19 NASHVILLE, LONDON
- 23 GALLERY, BIRKENHEAD
- 24 LION, WARRINGTON
- 30 ROCK GARDEN, MIDDLESBROUGH

DECEMBER

- 1 PORTERHOUSE, RETFORD
- 3 GOLDEN EAGLE, LONDON
- 4 BRUNEL ROOMS, SWINDON
- 6 PENTHOUSE, SCARBOROUGH
- 7 NORTH LONDON POLY, LONDON
- 8 CRANARY CLUB, BRISTOL
- 9 MARQUEE, LONDON
- 10 ROOTS, EXETER
- 15 UNDERWORLD, BIRMINGHAM
- 19 MUSIC MACHINE, LONDON
- 21 OSCARS, LIVERPOOL
- 22 TOWER CLUB, OLDHAM

I WOULD just like to warn Dave Murray the lead guitarist of Iron Maiden that if he steps foot inside Manchester again I will personally pummell his brains in, cos he's ruined what I thought was an ace relationship with my girlfriend. And may I point out that no matter how much she rubs his name in my face I still think Deb Brown of Wythenshawe is the best yet.
— Jealous Dave





Doug Sampson, Paul Di'anno, Tony Parsons, Dave Murray and Steve Harris



Paul Di'anno



Steve Harris and Dennis Stratton



Dennis Stratton



Dave Murray



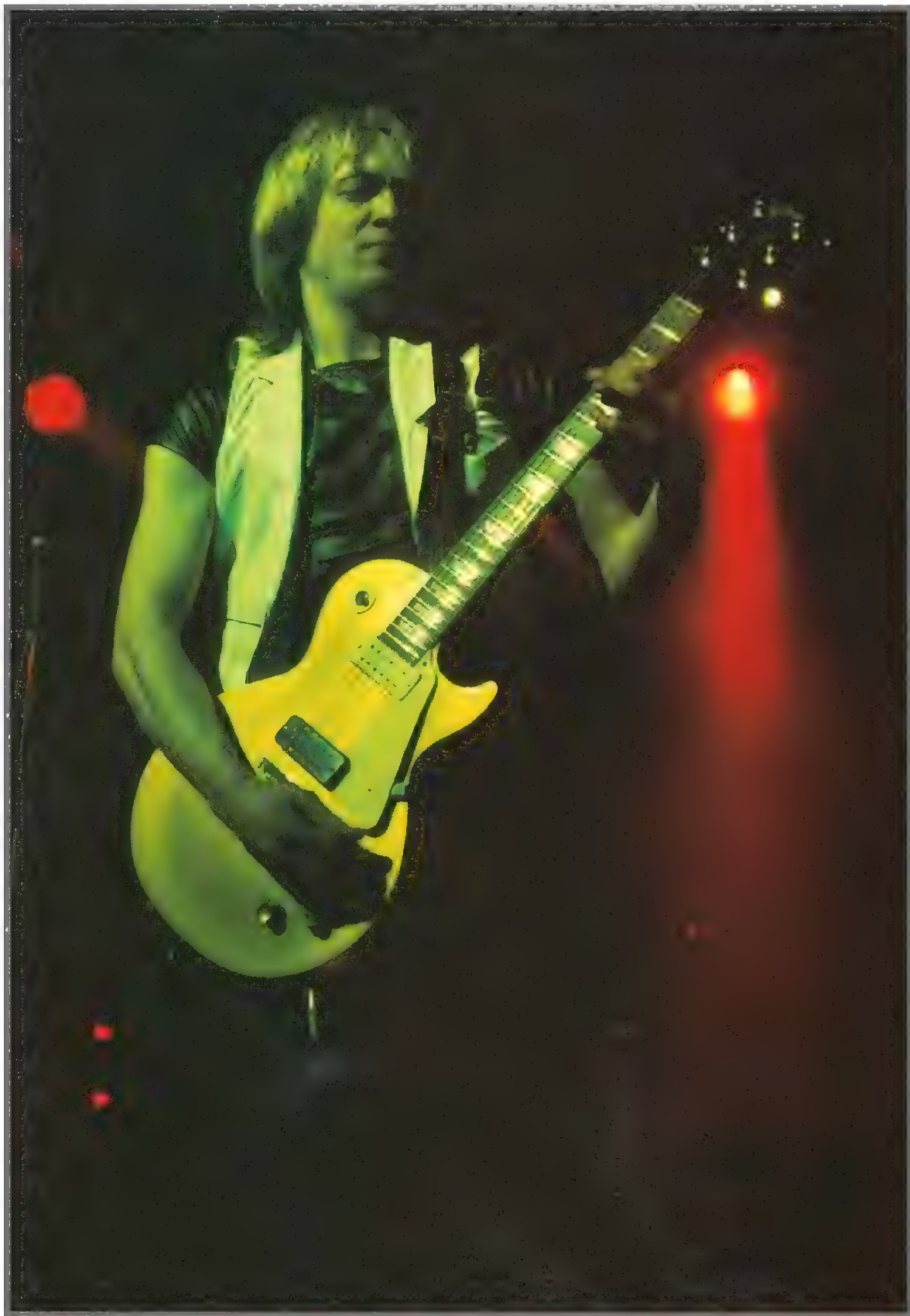
Clive Burr



Dennis, Paul, Clive, Dave and Steve (London Dungeon)



Adrian, Paul, Clive, Dave, Steve and Eddie



Adrian Smith



(Above) last shot with Paul, (below) first shot with Bruce





Shot used for Sounds cover 1982



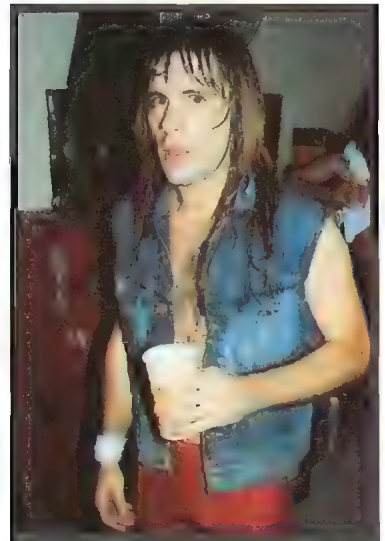
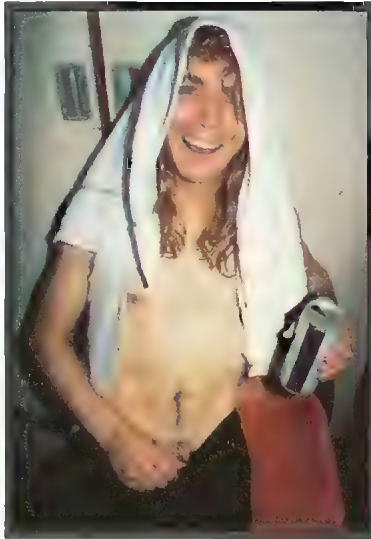
Bruce's first Rainbow gig



The Beast On The Road Tour 1982



Iron Maiden with Ritchie Blackmore



Steve and his Dad

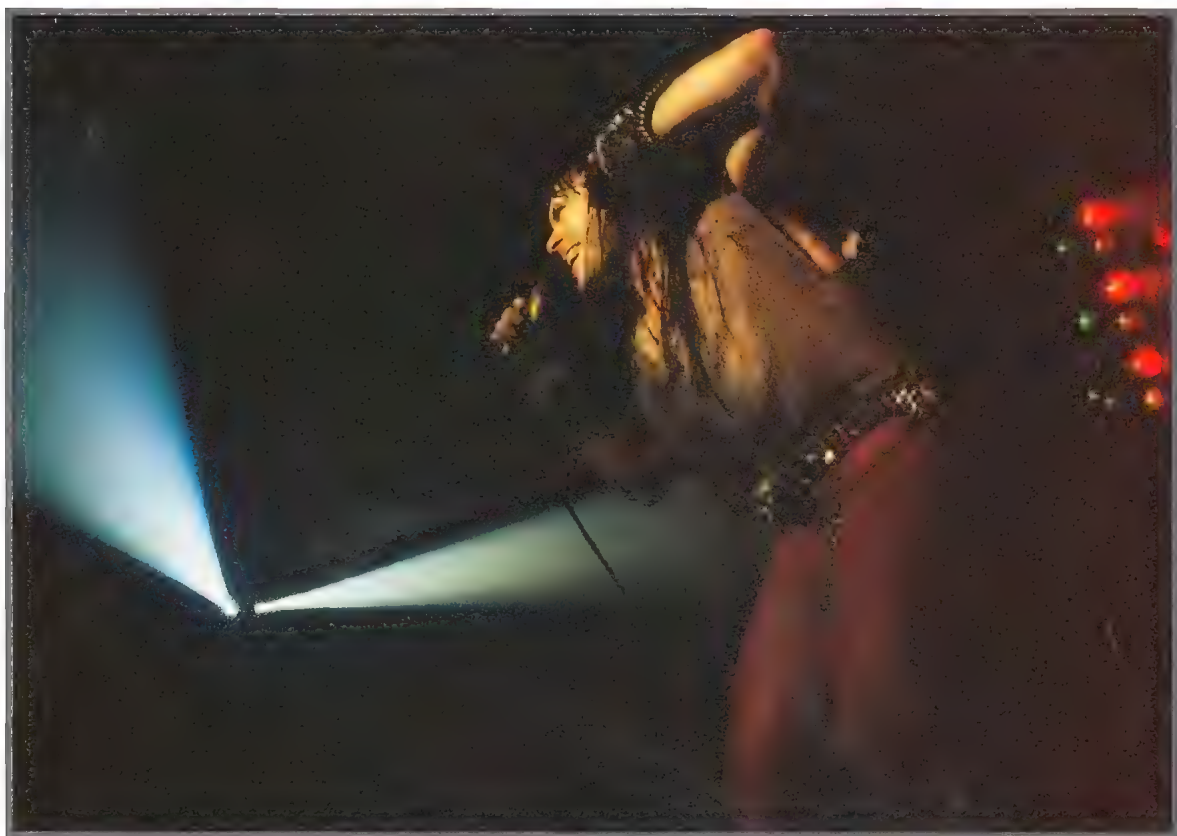




Nicko McBrain



Piece Of Mind



World Piece Tour 1983



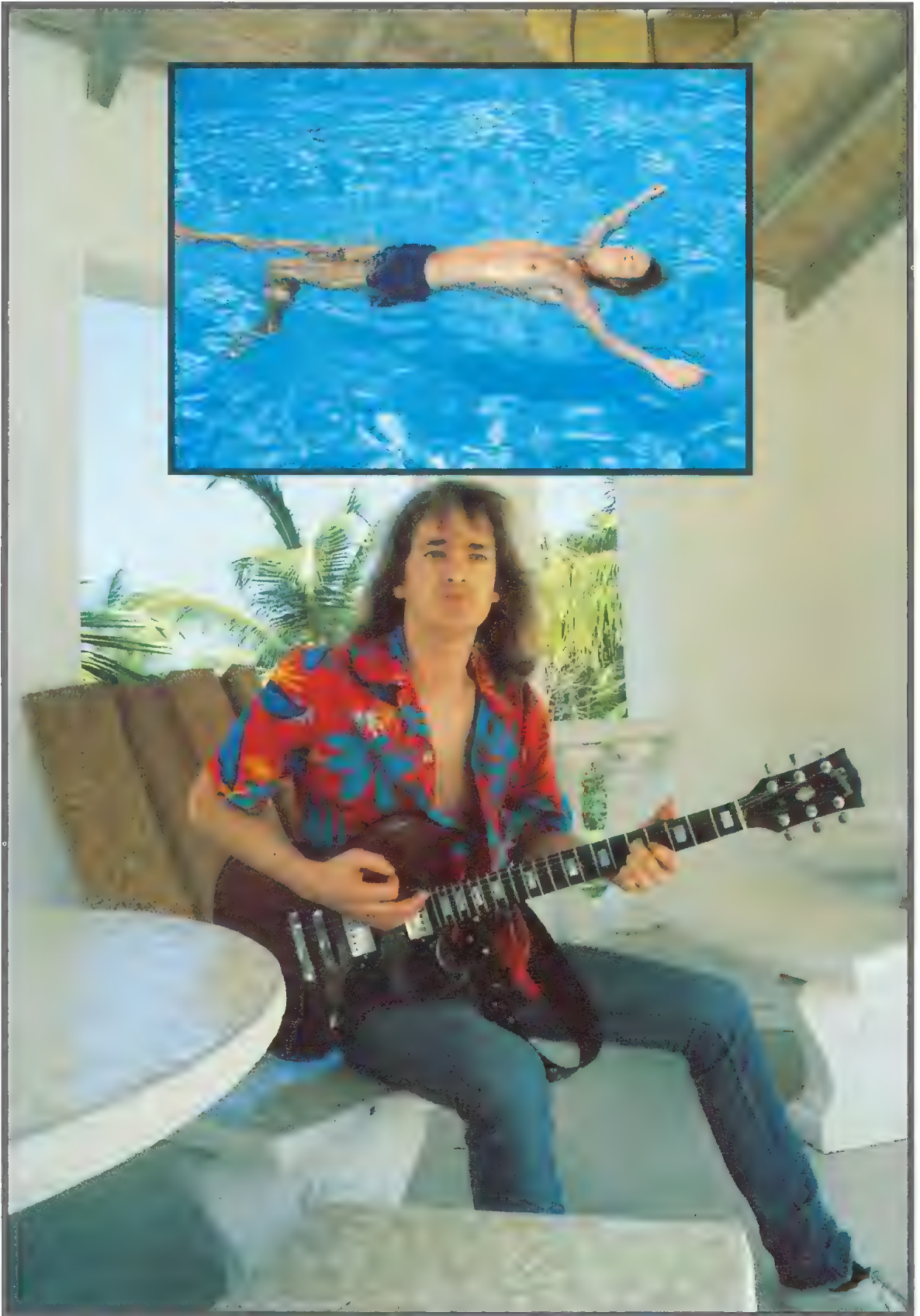
World Piece Tour 1983

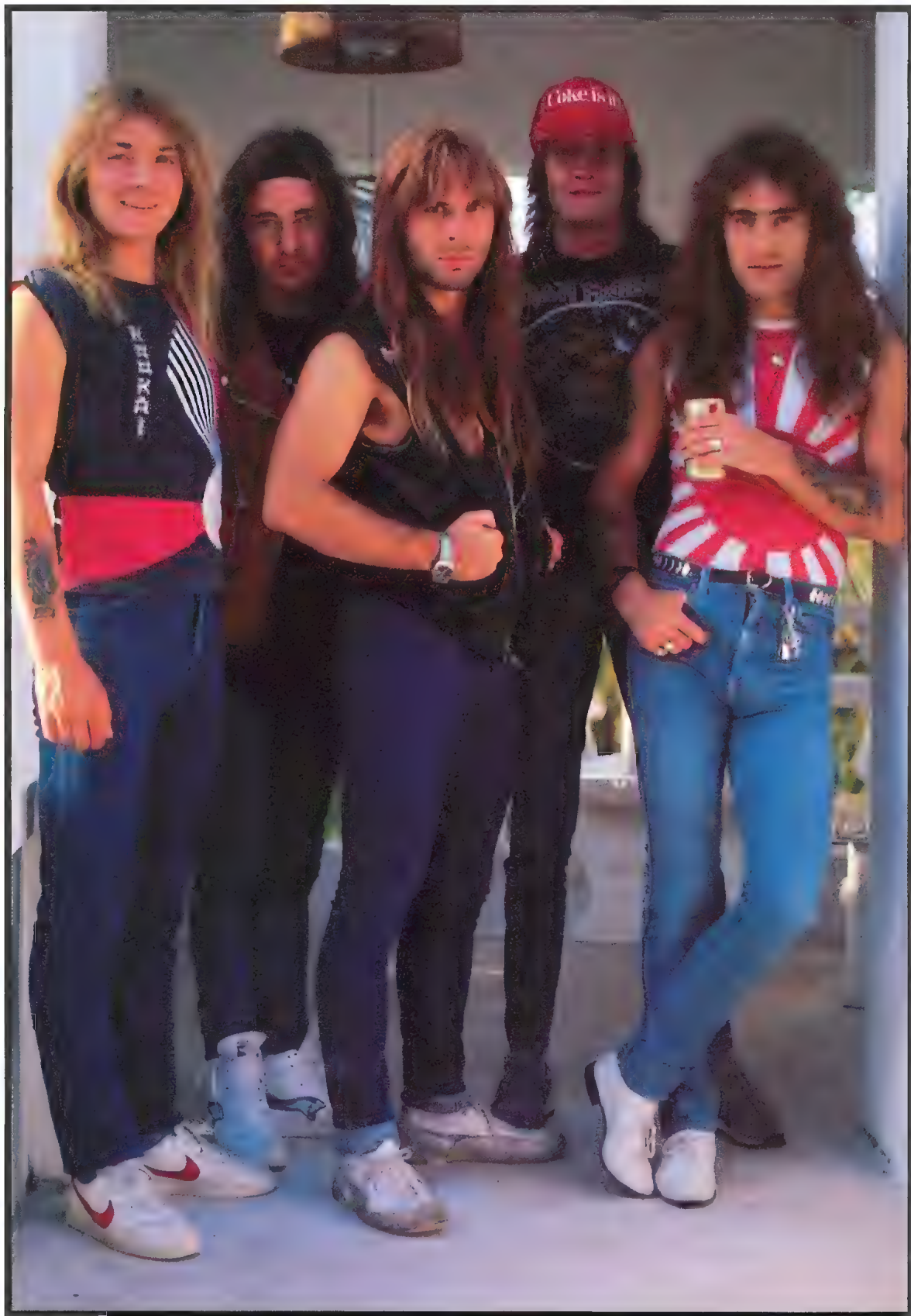


World Piece Tour 1983



Dortmund 1983

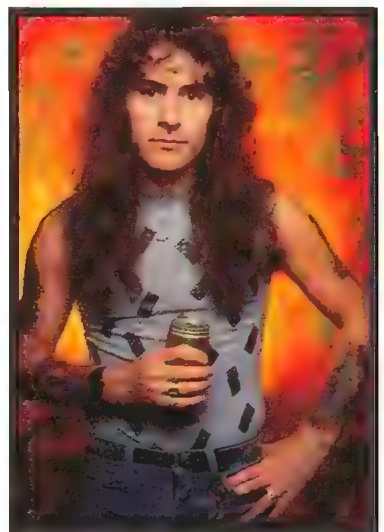




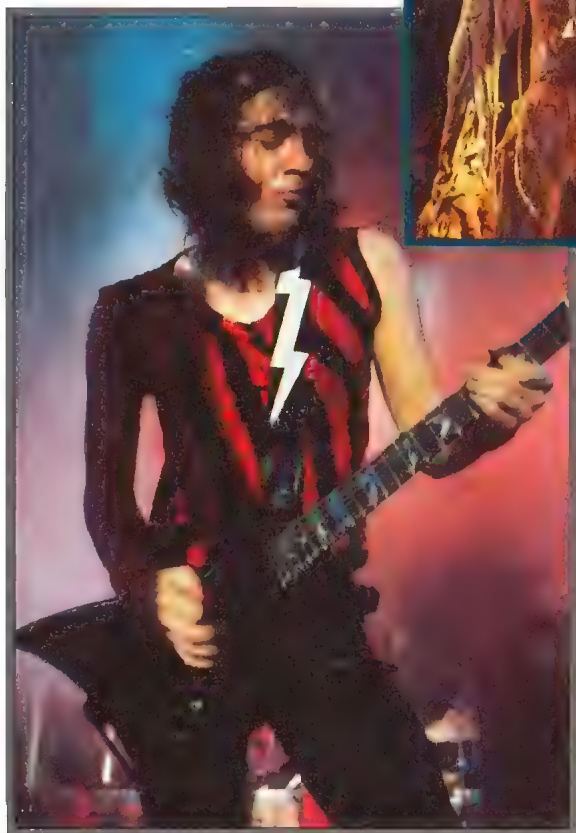
Nassau 1984



Rod Smallwood, Bruce and Andy Taylor



Rehearsals in Hanover 1984



Poland 1984



Poland 1984



Chapter Three

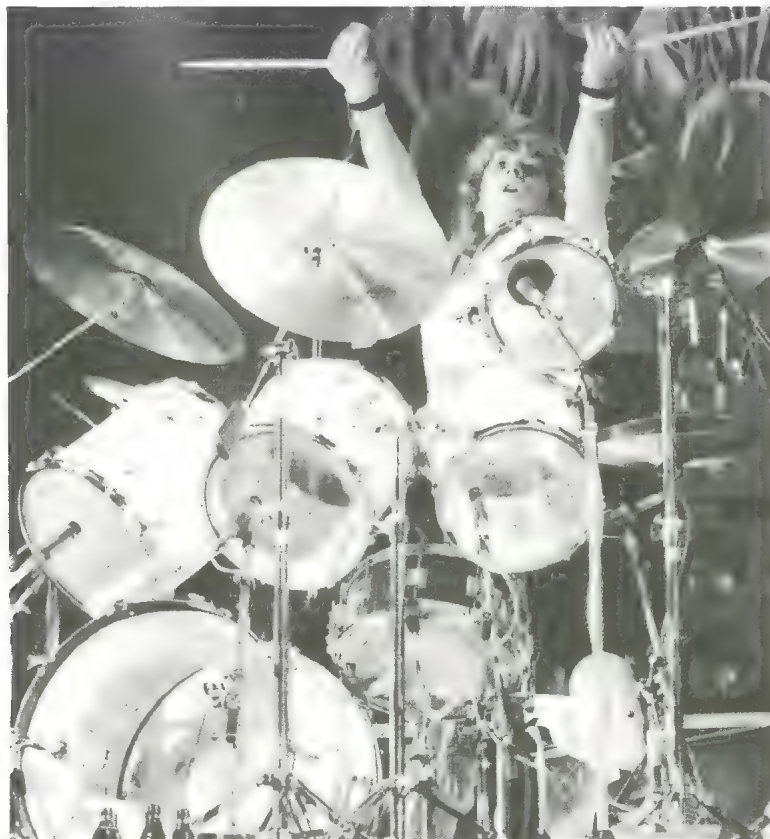
Five Go Mad On Mega-Watts





Maiden laid into 1980 with a brand new line-up. Replacing Tony Parsons was the incredibly ancient Dennis Stratton, 27, from Canning Town who'd previously trod the boards with such veteran Bridge House boogie veterans as Remus Down Boulevard. Actually their first choice had been Adrian Smith, Dave Murray's old Urchin sparring partner. But Urchin were his band, and as at the time it looked like they might take off, you can't really blame him for passing on the offer. And besides, Stratton (37) was no lame second best. Off-stage he was a laugh a minute, and on-stage he was very up-front and bouncy. Even though he was older than Parsons, he acted ten years younger, and, to start with, he seemed to go with the band like liquor on your pie and mash.

Meantimes, replacing Doug Samson, whose health wasn't standing up to touring came Clive Burr, the old Samson drummer, a young, lithe and likeable son of East Ham who came recommended by DJ Kay and, if legend is to be believed, was snatched from behind his drums by our heroes during a local pub gig on Boxing Day '79. Their first task was to get a single out and that meant finding the right man to twiddle knobs for 'em. After Parsons went, they'd tried out a guy called Gary Edwards at an East End studio, but he didn't really work out. 'Recorded through a sock' is the technical term for the sound he left them with, as you can tell by earholing 'Burning Ambition' on the B-side of 'Running Free' which was lifted from the Edwards session, (and so features Doug Samson on drums, the only recording he appears on besides S.T., and Davey Murray playing all the guitar). After Edwards they tried out Sweet glam angel Andy Scott, again none too happily. First he tried to get Harry to use a pick and got told what to do, and then his manager demanded a guarantee of producing the album and got told where to go. Finally EMI's Brian Shepherd suggested they have a bash with the more seasoned Will Malone (of Sabbath and Meatloaf fame) who did actually produce both the band's first single and album at London's Morgan Studios with no small help from engineer Martin Levan. The single was the awesomely anthemic



'Running Free', but before that came out EMI released the long-awaited but as it happened complete wash-out 'new metal' compilation, *Metal For Muthas*, on February 15. It really was an embarrassment. Rather than being a moving testimony to the vital energy and blinding potential of a brave new movement it was littered with such feeble non-starters as Toad The Wet Sprocket and Ethel The Frog. Only Maiden, represented with 'Sanctuary' and 'Wrathchild' were totally convincing. For the most part it was jaded and stagnant, a fatally flawed ragbag that did Heavy Metal a real disservice.

The only good thing to come out of it was the 12 date 'Metal For Muthas' tour that same month. Maiden headlined, supported by their old buddies Praying Mantis, with the compering done by the irrepressible Kay, who had to suffer such indignities as having his pick-up arms superglued to his decks, finding albums in the wrong sleeves, and similar pranks courtesy of the two bands. Dave Lights got his first truss together for the tour. The gear travelled in one artic, while the bands and crews shared a 52 seater bus. More often than not they ended up sleeping on the seats of it too because the dawdling driver was on a permanent go-slow and never got 'em back to their hotels in time. (NB. Naturally Roderick had the back seat...)

Aberdeen University was the first gig on the tour, but none of the students was bright enough to tell the band that their hall had a smoke detector fitted. Consequently every time the smoke got to a certain level all the power went bye-byes, only coming back when the smoke drifted away again. This happened three times before anyone figured out what was occurring. At UMIST, Di'anno really got the crowd's backs up by yelling "We ARE the Mods" wind-up chants back to their "We Hate The Mods" tribal rival revelry. At Wakefield Unity Hall, the bouncers were skinheads and ended up moonstompin' along to the band. Another time in Scotland the chaps got stranded in the lowlands miles from nowhere. Because of their studs and leathers looks no-one would come near 'em, until a little Scottish bloke (reputed to be *Sounds* snapper Ross Halfin's grandad) finally took pity on the frozen crew and gave 'em a lift to Edinburgh. I caught the eleventh night of the Mothers tour at a London Lyceum jam-packed, judging by the

TERRY DRAPER FOR ENGINEER PRODUCTIONS LTD PRESENTS

ALL NIGHT HEAVY METAL BASH

at the

GLOBAL VILLAGE

VILLIERS STREET, CHARING CROSS

FRI. 10th AUG.

IRON MAIDEN

+

URCHIN

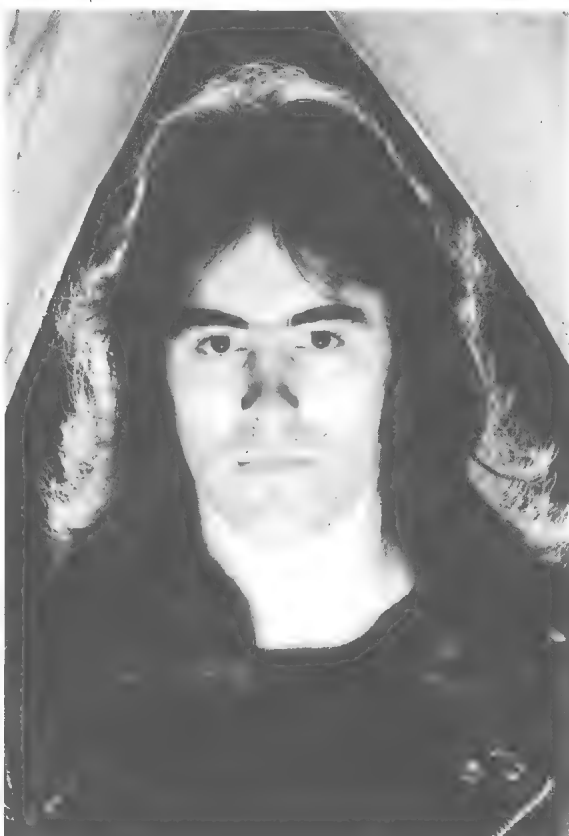
Support + Surprise appearance + DJ Jon Long. Entrance £2 from 8pm
Lic. Bar till 3am. Hot Food + Soft Drinks till 6am.

raucous chanting, with equal measures of Ruskin regulars and the Soundhouse faithful. Catweazle Kay was perched in the right-hand box overlooking the stage, spinning the wheels of steel and dishing out spiel like "Yeah! You prove it! Heavy Metal roools!", "Don't sit down, it's bad for your ass!" and an endless string of abuse directed at the absent Geoff Barton for his entirely accurate demolition job on the *Metal for Muthas* album in *Sounds*.

Effortlessly Maiden stole the show in a crashing, bashing blitzkrieg of supercharged metal energy. Harry was as up-front as ever (it's really no surprise to learn that ex-UFO bassist

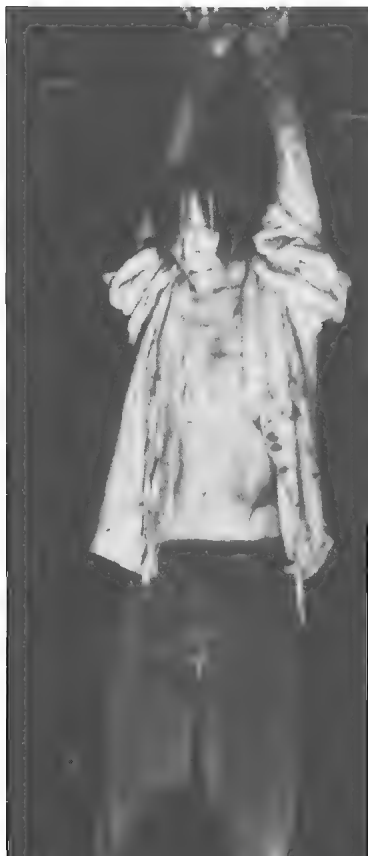
the lunatic Pete Way is his own particular pin-up) while Di'anno was no let-down. He was as fervent and funny as ever, dedicating numbers to West Ham United, stripping off to reveal a beefy torso dripping with sweat, and brandishing a smart old pork pie titter above his head, claiming same as a "Mod conquest" before flinging it to the enthusiastic front row faithful. Rob Loonhouse guested on hardboard histrionics for the encore and there can be very few there that night who weren't bowled over by the band's thunderously fresh approach to the flared jean genre.





Back at a passable (ie the bar was open) Bayswater Hotel after the gig, I finally met the HM herberts in their natural element – pissed. Di'anno was the friendliest, pumping my paw like he was expecting water to come gushing out of my gob, and instantly swapping his Dexy's badge for my photographer's 2-Tone effort. He was a great bloke, warmer than fresh toast and bubblier than the winner's champers at Monte Carlo. Who cared if his stories weren't a hundred per cent (or even fifty per cent) true – they were funny! Imagine my delight when he told us about how the band had pictures of Catweazle grooving to classic Tamla cuts at Huddersfield and similar outrages. Looking back on it he was a flannel merchant – he kept on about how much he liked the Cockney Rejects (who he knew I used to manage) and 2-Tone (I just happened to have written the book *Dance Craze* about that too), but he was a real character, a bona fide diamond geezer.

The next day I travelled to Mansfield with the band and watched them completely conquer a virgin audience. With any doubts I might have had about the Maiden over (sorry, that pun was inevitable)



and any doubts I might have had about Mansfield completely confirmed (clock them Lionel Blairs, my life, talk about trouser problems chief; and as Big Den Stratton (57) observed "I've seen more life on a tramp's vest!") I came to the inevitable conclusion that Iron Maiden were real contenders for HM immortality.

As the Muthas tour progressed, introducing Maiden's metal to gig-goers nationwide as something thunderously fresh, a high-velocity shake-up rather than a tired run-through of Riffs We Have Loved, EMI released the proof in plastic, the band's first single, 'Running Free', on February 15. Rod Smallwood remembers having a very short meeting with EMI's promotion people beforehand, just to tell them that if the band got offered *Top Of The Pops* they weren't going to do it. "They obviously thought I was a complete moron," Rod laughs, "firstly because HM bands didn't have hit singles then, especially not with their first single, and secondly if you did have one and then said you wouldn't play *Top Of The Pops*, it made you a bit daft in their books." Contrary to the promo people's expectations, the single shot out of the factory and straight into the



charts at no. 44 in its first week of release – no real surprise to anyone who'd clocked the sort of orders *The Soundhouse Tapes* ep had been attracting mere months before.

Maiden got offered Top Of The Slops, making them the first and probably only new band ever to get offered the programme in the first week of the release of their first single. For a rock band this is an even greater distinction. So naturally the promotion people panicked and rang Rod back to ask if he was really serious about the band not playing. Rod answered in the affirmative and explained the reason why – Iron Maiden just weren't prepared to mime. They would however, he said, be prepared to appear on the programme if they were allowed to play live. Surprisingly staid old Auntie Beeb said go for it, and Iron Maiden became the first band to play their tame pop fiasco live since the Who some eight years before. Not that they did it without problems. The major hurdle was the technicians union, who insisted on checking all the noise levels with a decibel metre, with a promise to pull the plugs if the band went over their limits. So on the night there's all these poncey plastic pop prats miming away, and there was Maiden with their banks of monitors playing at this unnaturally low level and still managing to stand out as a vital valid alternative to the corn and the candyfloss all around them. Sadly, albeit predictably, the radio never backed up the TV exposure and so 'Running Free' peaked at 33 at the beginning of March – although it had still managed to let the pop world know that Iron Maiden had arrived in no uncertain manner.

The single, which Di'anno reckoned was about being young, free and skinhead, and based on his own wild youth, featured another first as well, as it had artist Derek Riggs's first released work for the band emblazoned on its cover. The band had encountered Riggs's work

AFTER A gigantic leap of 100 places in the charts after just six airplays the BBC allowed Iron Maiden to play live on Top Of The Pops last week, the first time since the end of the Ice Age. The casualty count among the technicians has been counted at five bruised foreheads, four outbreaks of dandruff and large orders for aspirin and hearing aids.

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Metal For Muthas' (EMI EMC 3318)**

STRAIGHT TO the point: for something that's supposed to act as standard-bearer for the New Wave Of British Heavy Metal, this 'Metal For Muthas' disc is a joke. And a not a very funny one either.

From its shabby sword and sorcery oriented cover (Frank Frazetta where *were* you?) to its clumsily-written (not to say immensely bigoted) sleeve notes, the album smacks to me of being a low-budget cash-in on the UK's much-vaunted metallic revival and, far from giving it a boost, cannot do it anything other than considerable harm.

Apart from the two Iron Maiden tracks, 'Metal For Muthas' is a bummer of the first order, a disgrace to all concerned with its compilation and will only delight sceptics of the NWOBHM, people who will doubtless chortle happily to themselves and use the LP as evidence for their case against the movement. And pretty damning evidence it is too.

Out of the nine bands concerned, only Iron Maiden can emerge with their heads held high. EMI artists themselves, the Maiden's tracks 'Sanctuary' and 'Wrathchild' are raucous HM/punk crossovers and tantalising tasters for their own forthcoming LP. Unlike Def Leppard, since signing a 'major deal' the Maiden haven't sunk neck-deep into the Div Mac-style Industry Everglades and the more I think about it the more I reckon that the 'guv'nors' crown now rests on *their* collective Cockney heads.

However the remainder of the 'Muthas' tracks are, in a word, Godawful. Sledgehammer's re-recorded 'Sledgehammer' isn't a patch on the mighty original (which any self-respecting NWOBHM fan should possess by now anyway) mostly due to duff sound... it sounds like it was recorded

inside a Nomitex-filled continental quilt. And band leader Mike Cooke, who's acutely embarrassed by the whole affair, would like it to be known that he was not – repeat *not* – the song's producer, no matter what the credits might say.

The EF Band's 'Fighting For Rock And Roll' is very basic Swedish thrash 'n' bash which is taken at too fast a pace, goes nowhere and doesn't even have any Scorpions-style shouts of "Toorn zee schpotlights on zee peepull!" to lend a touch of hilarity to the proceedings. Meanwhile 'Blues In A' by Toad The Wet Sprocket is as inventive as the title suggests and the side one closer, Praying Mantis' 'Captured City', is weaker than Clark Kent carrying a suitcase full of Green Kryptonite. A pity, because if the demo tape version is anything to go by 'City' is a truly great song – but even though Mantis have always leant to the lighter, American side of metal, there's really no excuse for this lacklustre rendition.

Side two kicks off with Ethel The Frog (aagh! those names) and 'Fight Back' which contains some halfway-decent powerchords around chorus-time and at least has some semblance of energy and life, but ultimately sounds stumbling and amateurish. Ditto the very noisy 'Baphomet' by Angel Witch.

We all heard 'Tomorrow Or Yesterday' on Samson's 'Survivors' album (although admittedly this is a new version with John McCoy's production raising it some way above the ordinary) and the album closer 'Bootliggers' is proficient plodola, but one-time A&M artists Nutz aren't a new band by any stretch of the imagination, are they?

Nah. This album is an embarrassment. A good idea abysmally executed, most of its tracks are stagnant, dated, jaded and do heavy duty disservices to the cause of HM. Metal for masochists, more like.

GEOFF BARTON

by chance. Rod remembers discussing artwork with John Darnley back in October '79 before Maiden had actually signed to EMI. On his wall Darnley had a jazz poster that Riggs had drawn which caught Rod's eye and impressed him enough to want to see more. Derek was invited to bring his bulging portfolio in to the Maiden office. The bulk of his drawings were sci-fi related, good but not the sort of image the band were looking for. One etching did stand out however – a mad-eyed mutant which tied in superbly with the Eddie the 'Ead concept that they'd already developed. They snapped the sketch up immediately with their debut album cover in mind – even though they didn't yet have a deal.

(So rumours that the design was based on Neal Kay have no basis in fact whatsoever!)

Later they gave Derek the 'Running Free' cover theme to work on, and he and Paul came up with the idea of a rock fan fleeing from the hideous figure of Eddie wielding a broken bottle at the end of an alley. Maiden liked the idea, but had him modify the picture to hide Ed's beastly boat in shadows because they didn't want to blow the scam before the album artwork introduced the monster properly.

They recorded the album with Will Malone at Kingsway Studios, and mixed it at Morgan Studios, during February, and as 'Running Free' peaked they hitched a ride as

"Special Guests" on the Judas Priest tour which kicked off on March 9th. Unfortunately, my Maiden feature in *Sounds* put the dampener on proceedings slightly, as I'd printed Paul Di'anno's boast that the band were "gonna blow the bollocks off Priest", which made for some strained relations early on. In fact Maiden had gone down to meet Priest at a Willesden pre-tour rehearsal laden with gifts (ie beer) and a petty KK Downing had had them unceremoniously kicked out. Once they'd worked together the two bands got on okay however, although tales of Glen Tipton driving his motor into the lobby of the Sheffield Top Rank during a Maiden party were the invention of Tony Brainsby, the notoriously



"imaginative PR who worked for the band for a while. He was also responsible for another ludicrous story about Paul Di'anno shattering a pub juke box by sitting on it while Blondie's 'Heart Of Glass' was playing. Natch, the gullible fools who compile gossip columns devoted plenty of print inches to the tall tale along 'arse of glass' lines, but for a band like Maiden who'd always been proud of their honesty this wasn't exactly right and the relationship with the publicist wasn't to last.

Maiden had a 45 minute slot every night, which was generally triumphant. And another early indicator of their mounting popularity was getting voted fourth Best New Band in a *Sounds* poll

which was published in March from votes cast in January – before Maiden had released anything!

Maiden brought out their *Iron Maiden* debut album immediately after the Priest tour. It was released on April 11 and smashed straight into the UK chart at no. 4, going silver within its first month of release. *Iron Maiden* was largely the vinyl justification of all the band's good press. In *Sounds*, Geoff Barton awarded it just under the maximum star rating, observing: – "*Iron Maiden* is deadly ... HM for the eighties. Its blinding speed and rampant ferocity making most plastic heavy rock tracks of the 'sixties and 'seventies sound sloth-like and funeral dirgey by comparison. A safety-pin/looon pant hybrid? In

many ways, yes!"

You could see his point, and the "HM influenced by punk" line was very popular in the music press at the time, but in actual fact it was wrong. How could it be true when Harris had written the bulk of the songs on the album years before, even before he was aware of punk's existence? The fact that the music press didn't wake up to Maiden until 1979 doesn't alter the point that they'd been playing music along similar lines 'underground' in the East End for years previously. Maiden weren't a post-punk development – they were a parallel development, an alternative high-energy street level reaction to the coke-nosed superstars who ruled the mid-seventies supreme. Punk



grabbed the headlines not only because there was a need for energy music at the grass roots again, but because it had a master manipulator for a publicist (McLaren) and ideals grafted on which gave those of us who took part in its early days the idea that we weren't just challenging the staid conservatism of the music biz, we were also challenging the staid conservatism of society in general. The radical wallpaper that appealed to a generation! 'Course, it was a con, the greatest r'n'r swindle, and in many ways Maiden, who made no such revolutionary claims, were a good deal more honest. None of which alters the fact that Maiden prove that there would have been a back-to-the-roots upsurge without Punk (and it's also arguably true that they'd have got noticed a darn sight earlier without punk as well).

Back with the album, although we could argue the toss about Barton's "safety-pin/loon pant hybrid" line, there was no disputing his more essential point that this album was as hot as double vindaloo with chilli sauce in the middle of the Sahara. Action-packed with such good taste-garotting gems as the caterwauling classic 'Prowler', the

mighty meander of 'Transylvania', the essential anthem 'Iron Maiden', the epic onslaught that was 'Phantom Of The Opera', and the rudely rampant romp of 'Charlotte The Harlot' (a handsome whore's d'oeuvre based on a Richard close to the Maiden camp who they're pledged never to identify), it came stuffed silly with diamond axe duels, was rawer than a sabre slash across the stomach and tasty enough to make me turn a blind ear to what I considered the weaker track, the "v signs in the air plod" of 'Strange World'. The absence of such classic cuts as 'Wrathchild' and 'Sanctuary' – both temporarily lost to the dodgy *Muthas* album – was a bit of a blow, though as it happened 'Sanctuary' was salvaged for the second single in May, while a brand new red hot version of that perennial set-opener 'Wrathchild' finally made it on vinyl with the second album *Killers* in February '81. But this is to jump the proverbial shooter.

Back in April, Maiden tossed in a dynamite duo of Marquee dates followed by a prodigal son's return to the Ruskin for a Doctor Barnardo's benefit (they raised a monkey, 500 smackers) before taking off on their own first major headline tour to

promote the album. It was a monster 42-dater complete with the arrival of Eddie in three dimensional form (in the shape of bemasked roadies). And the only real set-back was having to pull a few gigs because Paul kept losing his voice. At Grimsby he was taken rough on the day, so rather than blow the gig the band stormed through a nifty instrumental set, telling the 500 strong audience to hang on to their ticket stubs because they'd be back later to make up for it (good as their word, they made it in October and did the gig on the cheap). In Edinburgh it was Clive's turn – he had food poisoning, but obviously they couldn't attempt to play without a drummer, so Vic and Rob dragged him from his sick bed to play. He fainted the minute the gig was over, but wot a trooper, eh kids?

The tour included the band's first sell-out headline at the Finsbury Park Rainbow, and climaxed with an EMI party thrown at Madame Tussaud's Chamber Of Horrors.

The tour single was 'Sanctuary', the band releasing a spanking new version of this rock'n'roll outlaw tale on 16 May. But it ran headfirst into a storm of controversy over its cover artwork which splendidly portrayed



Eddie moments after he'd done the decent thing to Premier Maggie Thatcher with a carving knife. In the Derek Riggs picture it was obvious the Leaderine had got hers for doing the unspeakable – ripping down a Maiden poster. However, the single's release coincided with a series of real life acts of violence being perpetrated against top Tories by various Oi Oi herberts (Lord Home was belted by skins at Piccadilly station, and Lord Chalfont was handed a shiner by another closely cropped reprobate dahn the Kings Road in Chelsea), so the band blacked out Thatcher's eyes for a hit of media wind-up. Pretty pointless as you could still recognise the gory old Tory but, by Henry and Kissinger, diplomacy had to have its

day. (My only moan was the legs were too good – could you imagine Thatcher having a pair of shapely pins like that? Nah, where were the varicose veins, mate? Why else d'ya think Dennis turned to drink?)

Not that the matter ended there. The *Daily Mirror* of 20 May reproduced the uncensored cover and reported "Premier Margaret Thatcher has been murdered – on a rock band's record sleeve" under the banner headline of "IT'S MURDER! Maggie gets rock mugging." A spokesman for the Prime Minister commented, "This is not the way we'd like her to be portrayed. I'm sure she would not like it." The Scottish Young Tories were even more outraged however, telling the *Daily Record* that they

found the sleeve to be "in very bad taste," and accusing it of being "a cheap gimmick." Later Di'anno claimed that the band had received a letter from Thatcher's solicitor "informing us that the posters we'd put out for the single were 'in very bad taste' but that there was nothing she could do about it," although I can find no evidence of such a letter ever being sent and no one in the band knows anything about it, so I'd mark that one down to Paul's advanced imagination.

In all probability the merry Maidenites never even noticed the schlock-horror bore-in at the time – they were too obsessed with West Ham's Cup Final victory. Supporting the Irons is a strange affliction known to strike unfortunates born





Nerves prior to Rainbow – the band's first ever London concert hall headliner.



ROCK GROUP CENSOR MAGGIE'S MUGGING

A HORRIFIC picture of Margaret Thatcher being mugged on the sleeve of a new rock record will be censored before it goes on sale.

For the Prime Minister is seen as the victim of a street stabbing—lying, thighs exposed, at the feet of a ghoulish figure brandishing a knife dripping blood.

Beneath is a caption: "Iron Maiden's gonna get ya, no matter wherever . . . whoever . . . you are."

"It is Margaret Thatcher, but it's not a rape," said a spokesman for the heavy metal band Iron Maiden, who approved the original cover design.

PROMINENT

It has shocked and upset Scottish Young Conservatives, who say it is in "very bad taste."

But the macabre scene, in which Mrs Thatcher appears to have been knifed in the back while ripping a poster of the group from a wall, is being altered . . . "voluntarily."

Said Iron Maiden's agent Tony Brainsby: "We're putting a black line across her eyes before the disc goes out on May 23, because of who she is and because, since it was designed, attacks have been made on Lord Chalfont and Lord Home."

"We have no political affiliations, and don't want to cash in on the muggings of prominent political figures."

"The chap with the knife is a character identifiable with Iron Maiden and we chose Mrs Thatcher because she's known by that name, and because we have no reason to believe she is a fan."

GIMMICK

"And we're not cashing in on her nickname. We were on the scene before she got that title."

The EMI record company, who produced the disc Sanctuary say: "The censorship has been agreed between EMI and the band . . . just to show a bit of respect."

"There's certainly been no official censorship."

Said Scottish Young Conservative chairman Duncan Wilson: "I think it's too ridiculous for words, it's in very bad taste."

"It looks like a cheap gimmick. The record company must be stuck for ideas."





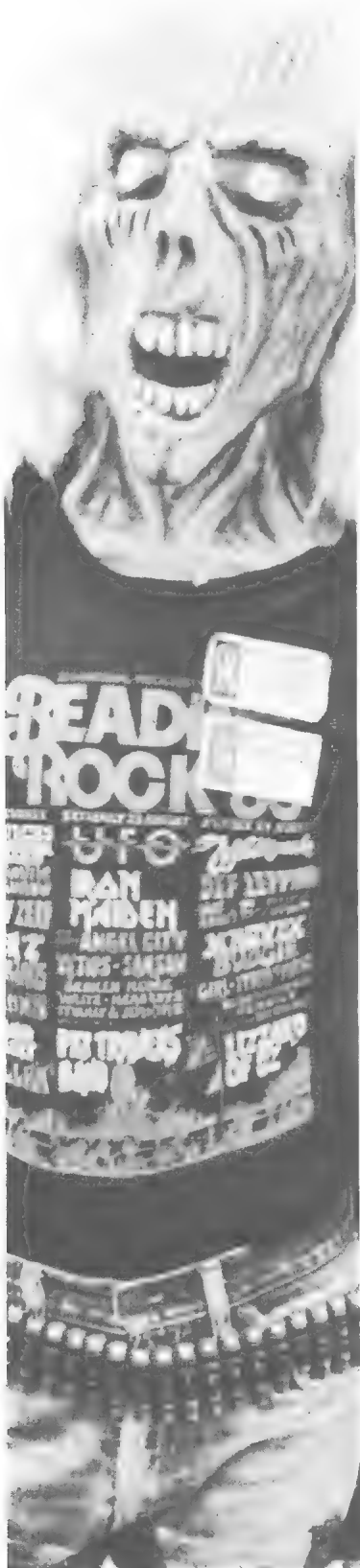
on the wrong side of the Thames. You must have noticed the 'Hammers Rule Ok' on the back of the first LP sleeve onwards. In fact, at one stage in '80, it was a toss-up with the Cockney Rejects (also on EMI) as to which of the two bands of claret and blue fanatics should record a version of 'Bubbles. The Rejects did it in the end and made the Top Thirty with it, but in a lot of ways it's a shame Maiden didn't do it, because it was the football aggro element that finally destroyed the Rejects as an Oi band, whereas Paul Di'anno always handled the Hammers side good-humouredly. His attitude on tour was, "We're West Ham (huge crowd boos), you're Manchester or whatever, tonight we're all gonna have a laugh" instead of Stinky Turner's attitude of "If you ain't West Ham, you ain't worth a..." (Cont nearest terraces).

Incidentally, 'Sanctuary' itself was fine, as powerful as the Hulk on Angel Dust, with a nifty hookline, an iron cast chorus and clashing guitars that'd slash the boat of any politician, living or dead. The B-side featured live versions of 'Drifter' and 'I've Got The Fire' the former featuring those 'Yo Yo Yo' chants Di'anno had half-inched from the Police. 'Twas Value For Mayhem without being too overblown for energy addicts not into the more epical bent of standard HMery (see also Dick Emery). It got to no. 29 on the charts and would have meant *TOTPs* live again, but the rascals were off the air on strike. (Nation breathes huge sigh of relief here.)

On 3, 4 and 5 July, the band packed the Marquee silly and were filmed by ITV for an edition of *Twentieth Century Box* that was screened on 17 August. This was a special "New Wave Metal" probe (only a year after the music press, on the ball these cathode ray kids) which majored on Maiden and was memorable not least for the sight of Neal Kay saying "I despise the term Heavy Metal" while all the while haplessly sporting a T-shirt proclaiming boldly 'Heavy Metal Soundhouse'. Presenter Danny Baker, a Millwall soul boy, was able to ridicule poor old Loonhouse, but there was no way the wise cracks could dampen Maiden's live impact screened in all its glory. Stirred into activity by the telly, poor old *Melody Maker* woke up to the new bands this month too, running a feature on Maiden whom they captioned 'Saxon', and vice versa. Never mind, *MM*, Elvis might still tour one day!...

The Reading Festival this month was the cherry on top of the band's album success. Playing the buffer spot to Harry's boyhood heroes UFO on the Saturday night, Maiden's triumphant set and the intensity of the crowd's response came as a real surprise to everyone there, not least the band. Pat Travers played before them and as he walked off-stage he remarked "Now let's see Iron Maiden follow that." Spoken too soon, Patrick. "Iron Maiden proved to be the heroes of Saturday night," observed Robin Smith in *Record Mirror*, "they gave UFO a run for their money." In *Sounds* Barton called it "the performance of Maiden's lives," and admitted that UFO had an uphill struggle to compete with them. The 1980 Reading was a turning point for a lot of people, marking UFO's decline, Maiden's spectacular arrival, Slade's welcome rebirth, and Def Leppard's tragic UK stumbling block. Those who'd taken in the Friday night as well as the Saturday might also have been impressed by the performance of another promising newcomer, Samson's singer Bruce Bruce... say no more, for now.

Our Cockney cranium crunchers barely had time to draw breath before they were off on their "winter offensive," a gruelling 40 date European tour as special guests of millionaire make-up and mayhem merchants Kiss. The gig schedule was more demanding than Charlotte on uppers. But whereas Kiss could afford to jet from date to date, our boys had to travel ridiculous distances at a hectic speed in a guaranteed non-luxury tour bus, so it was hardly the all night party glamour of r'n'r folklore. 'Boy' Barton painted a picture of complete desolation with all but the seasoned road vet Den Stratton (47) zonked out by the strain of non-stop tyre burning. The tour spanned Italy, Switzerland, Norway, France, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Holland and Belgium. The first gig was one of the funniest. This was in Italy at an open-air festival. The band had turned up well in time but there was no sign of their truck with all their gear on board. Kiss offered to lend the ferrous five some of their spare wares, a kind gesture which would have been one way out, if not an entirely satisfactory one. An hour before they were due on stage their problems seemed to be solved when Vic Vella poked his head round their dressing room door. No such luck. Seems the crew had got to the hotel, found a panicky note



saying "Get to the gig immediately," and caught a cab straight away, leaving all the gear behind.

Thankfully, a Signor from their Italian record label who knew the area went back with them and directed the truck from the alien terrain getting them to the show again with venti minuti to spare!

After Italia, Kiss played Blighty, but as Maiden had just done a UK tour of their own they decided to sit that part of the Kiss crusade out and booked into the holiday resort of Lido de Jesolo on the Adriatic coast with a week of sun, sea and signorinas in mind. What they didn't realise was that Lido is actually a sort of Italian Bournemouth, a holiday graveyard most popular with retired Deutsche couples which did rather limit the action, even for Davey. So there they were stranded in a hotel not exactly cut out for wild young rock 'n' roll herberts and, erh, natch the drink was flowing pretty freely.

One inebriated evening, Dave Murray and Roderick got more wrecked than London during the Blitz and decided it'd be a spiffing wheeze to get chucked out of the hotel which would mean they'd get their money back and be able to book into somewhere a little less like a graveyard. An obvious way to cause sufficient outrage was to break into the hotel bar, which Davey proceeded to do by cutting his way through the door with Di'anno's flick knife. At which point the security bloke stirring from his slumbers, went a moderate shade of hysterical, and threatened the pissed pair with the Polizia. While desperately trying to cool his wrath, Rod managed to wipe the switch blade clean of pinkie prints and hide it in a handy couch. Sadly, this gross misconduct didn't result in their eviction, just a £300 bill for damages.

Ten minutes later the security man came back with a gorilla who started 'escorting' Davey with a hammer in his hand. The noise summoned Rod who, suffused with Dutch courage, issued a series of strange guttural noises that probably saved Davey's life!

Later our holidaying heroes visited Venice where a cunning boatsman conned them into forking out for a return fare on his boat ride and never came back to pick 'em up, leaving them stranded the wrong side of the water. Eventually they had to hi-jack a fishing boat to get back to terra firma. Such fun and



games soon gave away to solid graft after Kiss came back from Britain and the treadmill turmoil of driving-gigging-driving got properly underway. A lot of other bands would have given up and gone home to mum, but what gave the Maiden the get up and go to overcome the strain of all this torturous trekking, was the crowd turn-out. Except for a small Belgian Festival, in '79, they'd never played outside of our own blessed plot before, and yet everywhere they gigged there'd be kids sporting denims and leathers emblazoned with that ol' Maiden logo. Their reputation had got here before them! Even in the obscure, town of (iron) Leiden in Holland they were confronted by crazy crowds of converts, and, indeed, a huge home-made banner accurately predicting, "Iron Maiden Go Over The Top."

Freeway-weary they might have been, but Barton was stunned by the sheer sizzle of their performance. "I've seldom seen them better" he wrote in *Sounds*, "they're playing so fast now that they're in danger of starting their second number before they've finished the first ... The old seventies hard rock albums have been made redundant by the

freshly-forged, still scalding speed-iness of the Iron Maiden sound." Geoff was even forced to admit: "Much as it sticks in my throat to say it, the Maiden have managed to give the main attraction a run for their money." And this from a man who was virtually Kiss's fifth member! Contrary to what you might expect, Kiss didn't get the hump about the Maiden's prowess. Gene Simmons even went as far as to stroll into the band's dressing room and praise the album. "I bet you ain't even heard it,"



(Iron) Leiden

sneered a sceptical Di'anno. And just to prove him wrong, Simmons turned round and rattled off every track - in the right running order. Later on, he was heard to give a highly accurate analysis of Maiden's chances. Seems he'd popped into Maiden's dressing room to blag a band T-shirt. Knowing he doesn't wear other bands' merchandise, mouthy Di'anno pulled him up and asked him "What d'you want it for, you'll never wear it?" "True," the supreme Gene replied, "you don't

ORDER TO CONTRACT NO. 6197 DATED 15 7 80 FOR IRON MAIDEN TO APPEAR AS SPECIAL GUEST TO: KISS		EMPREGANGEN 15 7 1980 Erl.
ADRESS PROMOTIONS		
1. The Management agreed to provide adequate parking facilities for one 4 ton truck and 2 mini coaches as from 10 a.m. on the day of the show and further ensures that they can remain there for the duration.		
2. On arrival and upon departure, at least 4 able bodied men are to be supplied to help unload and load artists equipment.		
DRESSING ROOM FACILITIES		
3. The Management is to provide two (2) private lockable dressing rooms for the sole use of the Artists, one room for the purpose of taping/ testing the equipment which must have a minimum of two (2) outlets, the other room is for the sole use of the Artists and must be heated with suitable washing toilet facilities, one large mirror and seating for six (6) persons. Both rooms must be clean and pleasant and the keys must be issued to the Artists' Tour Manager or crew boss upon arrival at the venue on the day of the engagement. Both rooms must be accessible to the stage absent from the audience area.		
4. The road crew are to be provided with a hot nutritious meal and hot drinks sufficient for six (6) persons - cold drinks are to be available, to the crew throughout.		
5. The Artists' dressing room to be supplied on arrival with at least 48 Jagerbombs, or pale ales, 2 large bottles of coca-cola, 4 large bottles of perrier (mineral) water, 2 large cartons of orange juice with sufficient paper cups, 1 large carton of fresh milk and 1 large carton of chocolate milk with sufficient paper cups and ice as required.		
6. Where possible a hot meal is to be provided for the Artists and Tour Manager sufficient for six persons. The dressing room is to be supplied with a selection of fresh salads, rolls and fruit sufficient for six (6) persons upon arrival.		
7. 10 large clean dry towels are to be provided.		
SECURITY MEASURES		
8. The Management is solely responsible for providing maximum security precautions whilst the Artists and their equipment are entering and leaving, and whilst on the premises at all times.		
9. In the event of the Artists performance being brought to an end or curtailed in any way through lack of security for any reason beyond the control of the Artists, it must be clearly understood that this in no way affects the agreed salary payable to the Artists.		
SIGNED: <i>[Signature]</i> GUSU		15 7 80



Geoff Barton & Rod Smallwood returning from Kiss tour.

often see me in anything other than a Kiss shirt. But if I had one with the name of a group that's going straight to the top, I wouldn't mind." And as you know, Gene Simmons's tongue is far too long for it to fit in his cheek! Incidentally, the two bands got on so well that Kiss didn't even mind when Maiden pied 'em on stage on the last night of the tour...

On the band's return to Blighty there were a couple of problems to deal with, one external and one internal. The external matter was finding their Godfather, Neal Kay had been kicked out of his home territory, The Soundhouse. Maiden instantly drew up a protest letter to *Sounds* which read, "On returning from a two month European tour, we were very pissed off to hear that Neil Kay has been kicked out of the Bandwagon by the management there." The epistle went on to suggest that "all headbangers should write in protest to the Chief of Administration at Charrington Breweries to tell him what you think of his brewery and his manager." Despite Maiden's support and the brief arrival of picket lines outside the Soundhouse, the campaign (which *Sounds* refused to support) was unsuccessful, and Neal was never re-instated there. Instead, he took his disco show on the road and even as you read this claims to have found/created a new band who "I feel as confident about as I did Maiden." We can but wait and see...

The internal problem concerned what the band tactfully term "troubles with Dennis." In the course of the Kiss jaunt, disagreements between the rest of the band and Dennis Stratton (67) came to the surface, which were diplomatically summarised as "his direction musically" (ie his love for bands like the Eagles) and "his general attitude to various aspects of the band," and so it had nothing to do with Dennis nearing retirement age at all.

To solve the problem, Maiden suggested they'd be better off going their separate ways. The split wasn't particularly amicable. When Dennis formed Lionheart, he gave Maiden a fair bit of stick for a few months, but these days they're all on fine terms again and Lionheart have landed a long term deal with a US major. At the time, the split stoked bad rumours about Steve, with references to him as 'Sergeant Major Harris', the uncompromising band leader who'd sack a band member rather than tolerate dissent, doing the rounds. These rumours are best summed up as raging bullshit. Harry's no dictator. On the contrary, he's a genuinely pleasant guy with no ego problem whatsoever, and the fact that he founded the band and steered it through its greatest adversities have never altered the fact that the band is a democracy, reaching decisions in open group discussions.

Once again one guitarist short, the band approached Adrian Smith to join again. This time Urchin had fallen through and Adrian, or H as the band knew him, was killing time with the Broadway Brats, and was finally persuaded to say yay! At first the band thought he was uncertain, but when they got to know him a bit better they found that indecisiveness is in his nature. Rod explains: "Even if you go for a meal with Adrian, you'll be on the cheese and biscuits before he's even decided on his starter!" (Funny enough, the band's other choice if H had said no again, was another East End mate, Phil Collen, the Girl guitarist generally regarded as "the good bloke in Girl", who has since gone on to find American mega-stardom with Def Leppard.)

H's relationship with Davey goes right back to their childhood as schoolmates and neighbours in the Clapton area of Hackney, which is the real heart of the East End. Dave's first guitar (the one that first kept him from hanging around street corners with all the other little teenage villains) was a Woolworths Top 20 effort which he sold to Adrian as his first guitar (only it wasn't working at the time). H soon forgave him for this Arthur Daley style sting, and the two became best of mates, making their debut performance together playing T. Rex covers in a Clapton church hall. Later they started busking round the West End





together for the practise. One A&R man who came across their act in Leicester Square was so impressed that he told them they could be "ze new Simon And Garfunkel" and tried to sign them up for his German label! Adrian founded Urchin when he left school at 16, and was the band's singer-guitarist. Avid fact fans out there might like to know that Urchin put out two singles, 'Black Leather Fantasy' and a year later, 'She's A Roller'. Neither were hits, and the latter featured Davey Murray too. When Dave was briefly in the band after rowing with Den Wilcock, they used to perform 'Charlotte The Harlot' and an embryonic version of its follow-up, '22 Acacia Avenue'.

(Incidentally, sometime before joining Maiden again Davey put in a couple of weeks work with a South London based punk band called the Secret, and actually played on their only single 'Cafe De Dance', but this was more to get a gig than because of any real affection for riotous establishment-bashing.)

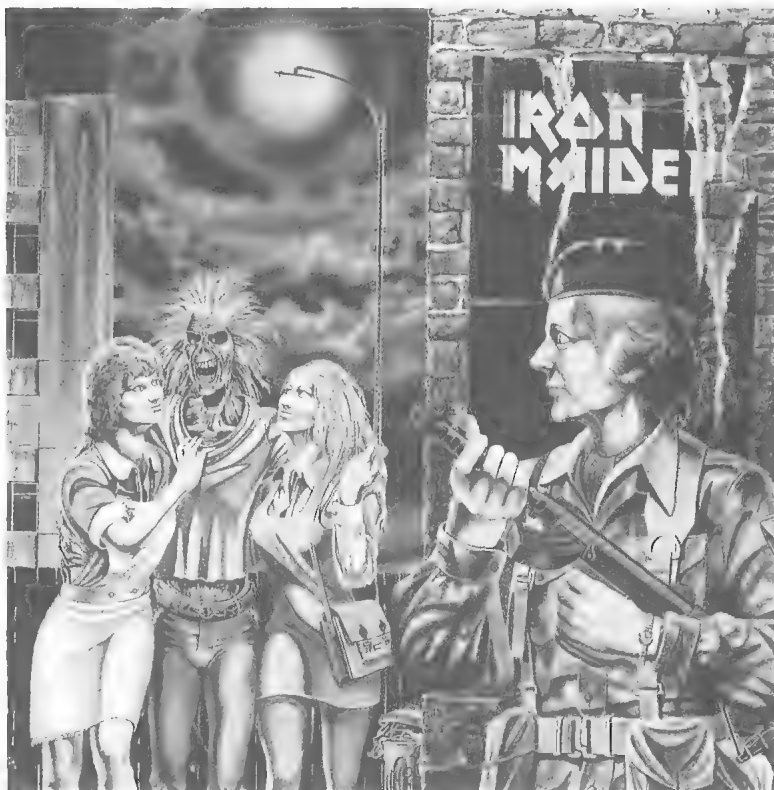
Back in 1980 the band were on the verge of recording their second album, but weren't keen on going in the studio with Adrian, so umm, virginal. So they set off on their fourth British tour that year – a small 12 date trek just to give H a feel for the band. He was thrown in at the deep end though, because the first gig was at Brunel University on 20 November, which was close enough to London to attract all the EMI people *and* a sizeable number of the band's hardcore London following. H was terrified, but he pulled off this baptism of fire with flying colours, and, as we experts say, ain't looked back since. Those observing the two then, or increasingly since, have often been amazed at how well their two different styles work together. Davey's the wilder of the two, soloing off the top of his head, while H is more thoughtful and tends to work his solos out in advance. Together they seem to instinctively know what the other is up to, and make a perfect team.

To help promote the mini-tour, they needed a new single out. However, none of the new tunes they'd written for the album seemed likely candidates. Their new publishers Zomba suggested they cover a song called 'Women In Uniforms,' a big hit down under for Aussie heroes the Skyhooks, who'd written it. Maiden recorded it with Tony Platt at the controls at Battery Studios in Willesden with 'Invasion' on the flip. Subjectively, it was an iffy move, and the band were later to

dismiss it as 'naïf' and 'just a piss take'. Despite the fact that it got to no. 35 in the chart, the best thing about it was the accompanying press pic portraying two nubile nurses wrestling Eddie to the ground. Unfortunately their uniforms got torn in the process (all together: "Shame!") and poor old Eddie spent most of the time screaming "Don't prick that boil", or something very similar. They did get offered *Top Of The Pops* again, and again did it live, but this time the tactic totally backfired. The union guy with the decibel meter never turned up to check the volume levels in the afternoon, but he did turn up about thirty seconds before they started playing and insisted that either the band turned down or it'd be all out. Needless to say the take was a disaster. The Beeb also prevented Eddie from taking part in the broadcast, arguing that the show was for a family audience and that the merry monster might give Gran sleepless nights or wet dreams or something. (Incidentally, Maiden scored another first by making a video for the song. This was before the MTV-fueled video explosion, and was the first video made for a rock band besides Queen's pioneering 'Bohemian Rhapsody' one. In this respect Maiden were about a year ahead of anyone else!)

On the sleeve of the single Maggie was out for revenge, waiting for Eddie with a machine gun while the beast cockily sauntered down the alley with a nurse and a schoolgirl on his arms (some guys get all the luck!) Could Maggie's motive have been jealousy rather than revenge? Eddie does bear a passable resemblance to Dennis after all... Unfortunately, not everyone saw the nurses' victory and Thatcher's resurrection as a victory for the fairer sex. The Liverpool *Daily Post* reported that a group of "screaming, chanting, banner-carrying feminists" invaded the Leeds University Student Union building to try and stop Maiden's gig there. A window was smashed, but stewards managed to bar the bra-less till the Old Bill came and led 'em away...

After the November mini-tour it was straight into Battery Studio to record the *Killers* album (they'd included the title track as a taster at Reading to great response). The man with the Purple pedigree, Martin Birch, was a perfect choice for production duties especially as the band were very unhappy about the production of the first album by Will Malone. Maiden never dreamed of approaching him for the first album, but later Martin





Xmas Card '80

(nicknamed 'The Headmaster' for his studio discipline) said that he had been aware of the band and would have been interested in working with them even then. Natch the Birch connection strengthened European opinion that Maiden were "the next Purple" – not a title any of them objected to.

As usual, the band rounded off the year full of spirit, some of it festive, with a triumphant Rainbow gig. Somehow Maiden managed to keep the jovial jollity together even with swarms of cameramen flooding the stage in the process of making the first ever live video for a European rock band. (This Delta Production directed by Dave Hillier came out as a half hour live EMI video in March the following year.) One of the sound lines went down half way through the show, meaning they weren't able to record such crucial numbers as 'Iron Maiden' and 'Phantom Of The Opera' as they happened. So after the show, Paul announced that because of technical problems they'd be playing those songs again and if anyone wanted to stay they'd be very welcome to. Not one punter left the gig! Despite all this unfortunate ag, the show was a great grin – almost two hours of Maiden madness replete with a plethora of Eddie's special effects, unidentified flying (seasonal) freebies, and a blinding light show from Dave Beasley.

In *Sounds*, Robbi Millar wrote "1981 will make or break Maiden; I hope they have the insight to survive." She shouldn't have worried now, should she?



METAL FOR MUTHAS TOUR - 1980

FEBRUARY

- 1 ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY
- 2 GLASGOW UNIVERSITY
- 3 ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY
- 4 EDINBURGH TIFFANYS
- 5 GRIMSBY CENTRE HALLS
- 6 BRISTOL ROMEO & JULIETS
- 7 WAKEFIELD UNITY HALL
- 8 HUDDERSFIELD POLY
- 9 MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.T.
- 10 LONDON LYCEUM
- 11 MANSFIELD CIVIC THEATRE
- 14 SWANSEA CIRCLES
- 15 HITCHIN COLLEGE
- 16 WEST RUNTON PAVILION
- 17 REDCAR COATHAM BOWL
- 18 BIRKENHEAD HAMILTON CLUB
- 19 OLDHAM CIVIC HALL
- 20 BLACKBURN KING GEORGE'S HALL
- 21 CARLISLE MARKET HALL
- 22 NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR BALLROOM
- 23 LEICESTER UNIVERSITY
- 24 SHEFFIELD TOP RANK
- 25 PLYMOUTH FIESTA
- 26 CARDIFF TOP RANK
- 27 PORTSMOUTH POLY
- 28 WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC
- 29 HANLEY VICTORIA HALLS

MARCH

- 1 RETFORD PORTERHOUSE
- 2 BIRMINGHAM TOP RANK

JUDAS PRIEST TOUR - 1980

MARCH

- 7 CARDIFF UNIVERSITY
- 8 LEEDS UNIVERSITY
- 9 COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL
- 10 APOLLO, MANCHESTER
- 12 CITY HALL, SHEFFIELD
- 13 DE MONTFORT HALL, LEICESTER
- 15 HAMMERSMITH ODEON, LONDON
- 16 GAUMONT, SOUTHAMPTON
- 18 CAPITAL, ABERDEEN
- 19 ODEON, EDINBURGH
- 21 MAYFAIR, NEWCASTLE
- 22 APOLLO, GLASGOW
- 23 LEISURE CENTRE, DEESIDE
- 27 TRENTHAM GARDENS, NOTTINGHAM
- 29 ODEON, BIRMINGHAM

SPRING 1980

APRIL

- 1 RAINBOW, LONDON
- 3 MARQUEE, LONDON
- 5 KOTRIJK FESTIVAL, BELGIUM
- 6 BANDWAGON, LONDON
- 7 FIESTA, PLYMOUTH
- 8 RUSKIN ARMS, LONDON
- 10 CENTRAL HALL, GRIMSBY

IRON MAIDEN BRITISH TOUR 1980

MAY

- 15 LINCOLN, DRILL HALL
- 16 NEWCASTLE, MAYFAIR
- 17 DUNFERMLINE KINEMA
- 18 AYR, PAVILION
- 19 ABERDEEN, MUSIC HALL
- 20 CARLISLE, MARKET HALL
- 21 BRADFORD, ST GEORGES HALL
- 22 WITHESEA, GRAND PAVILION
- 23 CAMBRIDGE, CORN EXCHANGE
- 25 DUNSTABLE, QUEENSWAY HALL
- 27 BLACKBURN, KING GEORGES HALL
- 28 WOLVERHAMPTON, CIVIC HALL
- 29 HANLEY, VICTORIA HALL
- 30 SWINDON, BRUNEL ROOMS
- 31 ST AUSTELL, NEW CORNISH RIVIERA, CORNWALL

JUNE

- 1 BRISTOL, LOCARNO
- 2 MALVERN, WINTER GARDENS
- 3 PORTSMOUTH, LOCARNO
- 4 CARDIFF, TOP RANK
- 6 CROMER, WEST RUNTON PAVILION, NORFOLK
- 7 BIRMINGHAM, ODEON
- 8 SHEFFIELD TOP RANK
- 9 LIVERPOOL, ROYAL COURT THEATRE
- 11 SUNDERLAND, MECCA CENTRE
- 12 DUNDEE, CAIRD HALL
- 13 GLASGOW, APOLLO
- 14 MIDDLESBROUGH, TOWN HALL
- 16 WAKEFIELD, UNITY HALL
- 17 LEICESTER, DE MONTFORT HALL
- 18 CHATHAM, CENTRAL HALL
- 19 GUILDFORD, CIVIC HALL
- 20 LONDON, RAINBOW
- 21 BRACKNELL, SPORTS CENTRE, BUCKS
- 22 BRIGHTON, TOP RANK
- 25 DERBY, ASSEMBLY ROOMS
- 26 MANCHESTER, APOLLO
- 27 BATH, PAVILION
- 28 OXFORD, NEW THEATRE
- 29 SWANSEA, BRANGWYN HALL

AUGUST

- 21 PAVILION, WEST RUNTON
- 23 READING FESTIVAL

SEPTEMBER

- 4 MARQUEE, LONDON
- 5 MARQUEE, LONDON

NOVEMBER

- 21 BRUNEL UNIVERSITY, UXBRIDGE
- 22 UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS, LEEDS
- 23 COATHAM BOWL, REDCAR
- 24 CITY HALL, HULL
- 25 CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE
- 26 ODEON, BIRMINGHAM
- 27 ASSEMBLY ROOMS, DERBY
- 28 VICTORIA HALL, HANLEY
- 29 UNIVERSITY, SHEFFIELD
- 30 APOLLO, MANCHESTER

DECEMBER

- 1 ROCK CITY, NOTTINGHAM

KISS TOUR: EUROPE 1980

AUGUST

- 24 LISBON, CASCAIS HALL (CONCERT)
- 25 LISBON, CASCAIS HALL (CONCERT)
- 30 PERUGIA, STADION COMUNALE
- 31 BOLOGNA, STADION COMUNALE

SEPTEMBER

- 2 TURIN, STADION COMUNALE
- 5 STAFFORD, BINGLEY HALL
- 6 STAFFORD, BINGLEY HALL
- 8 LONDON, WEMBLEY
- 9 LONDON, WEMBLEY
- 11 NURENBERG, HESSEHALL
- 12 DUSSELDORF, PHILIPPSHALLE
- 13 FRANKFURT, REBSTOCKGELAENDE (Open air)
- 15 DORTMUND, FOREST NATIONAL
- 17 STUTTGART, SINDELFINGEN MESSEHALL
- 18 MUNICH, OLYMPIC HALL
- 20 KASSEL, EISSPORTHALLE
- 21 BRUSSELS, WESTFALENHALLE
- 23 AVIGNON, PARC DES EXPOSITIONS
- 24 LYON, PALAIS DES SPORTS
- 26 LILLE, PARC DES EXPOSITIONS
- 27 PARIS, LE BOURGET
- 28 BASEL, ST. JACOBS HALLE
- 30 COLOGNE, SPORTHALLE

OCTOBER

- 1 BREMEN, STADTHALLE
- HANOVER, NIEDERSACHSENHALLE
- 4 HAMBURG, ERNST-HERCK-HALLE
- 5 LEIDEN/HOLLAND, GROENORDHALLE
- 6 KARLSRUHE, SCHWARZWALDHALLE
- 9 STOCKHOLM, TBA
- 10 GOTHENBURG, SCANDINAVIUM
- 11 COPENHAGEN, BROENDBYHALLEN
- 13 OSLO, DRAMMENSHALLEN





Chapter Four

'Kinnell, It's Killing Time



January 1981 was taken up with free time boozin' and abusin'. It was a much-needed month of rest for our heavy heroes after the exhilarating turmoil of 1980, but it was hardly adequate to prepare them for the critical backlash they were about to amble into.

Imagine Harry and co's chagrin when *Killers* saw the light of day on February 9 only to have the likes of Robbi Millar in *Sounds* slap a mediocre star rating on it and write it off as "more of a failure than a triumph"! The dame to blame for this criminally lame judgement went on to claim that the band had "never really cut it on vinyl." *Killers*, she reckoned, featured "far too few stormers to the inch," the best of which were in her opinion the resurrected old stage faves of 'Wrathchild' and (yo-yo-yo) 'Drifter'. The rest of the platter was "well dodgy" she sniped, consisting of little more than "tiddly-tiddly-tiddly guitar" and "slow-quick-slow" timing. After giving the album a proper critical kicking, La Belle Millar then went on to add insult to injury by suggesting that Maiden's first album had only slammed into the charts at no. 4 "with a little help" – a barely veiled hyping jibe that really riled the

Hammers jammers – after all, Maiden are hardly the hyping types...

Listening to the album now, it's obvious that Robbi's moans about Maiden being "over-rated" were heavily coloured by the contemporary press feeling that the band had achieved too much too soon, added to the Stratton propagated view that he'd been unfairly treated. Writing in *Record Mirror*, Malcolm Dome was more honest, openly discussing the Rock Circle reasoning that had fuelled Robbi's uncertainty. He mentioned the relative disappointment of 'Women In Uniform' and its corresponding under-achievement in the charts, plus the acrimonious Stratton sacking, and what Dome saw as proof that other new rock bands were about to out-distance Maiden. It all added up to a sneaking feeling that Iron Maiden were in danger of losing their crowns as the new Kings of the Wildest Frontiers.

But after acknowledging these fears, Dome listened to the album with an open mind and cleanly scrubbed ear-holes. And his conclusion? "This album doesn't so much allay my fears as exorcise 'em in an atmospheric ether of rhapsodic anger and urgency that has Maiden re-staking their dynastic claim to

the crown and sceptre of metallica." At the time I agreed with the gnome-like Dome. Although in retrospect it was nowhere near as hot as its '82 follow-up, the epic *Number Of The Beast*, it was no way the barrel-scraping exercise Robbi had marked it down as. It was just as convincing, and because of the superior production, much better sounding than *Iron Maiden*, and all in all a respectable way to begin a year. Plus, *Killers* came complete with another excellent Riggs illustration based on a bloodthirsty idea from that little terror Dave Lights. The cover depicted the demonic Eddie gritting triumphant teeth and hoisting a bloodied axe above the body of his victim (Thatcher?) who had not too wisely ventured into the Manor Park mean streets after sundown (notice the Ruskin Arms next to the Kinky Sex Shop in the background, and Charlotte stripping off in the red lit room above it).

A few days after the album's release, I met up with the band in the Green Man in Leytonstone for another *Sounds* feature. And with Robbi's recent rubbishing in mind, I couldn't help wondering whether the chaps were planning to cart me away to their namesake in the London Dungeon for a spot of rag rep retribution. I shouldn't have worried. Di'anno bowled in first with that grin as wide as the Canning Town fly-over. He was put out about the review, but put a lot of it down to early duff copies. Harry filled in the details. "The cutting wasn't right, it was the compression frequency or something, so there was no top – it even affected the vocals. I've had to take time off from rehearsals to sort it out. It's been re-pressed now. I thought some of the things Robbi had to say were constructive, but that bit about hyping was really out of order. We could sue her... but we won't" (Bet that was a weight off her chest, and if you've ever seen Robbi's chest...)

"She was trying to imply we hyped the first album into the chart," Steve continued sagely, "but hyping didn't make it go silver. You can't hype 63,000 people to buy it. And it's gone gold in Japan. Is that hyping too?" "It's gone wood in Shanklin, Isle of Wight," added Clive Burr. "Because we put the old stage faves on people are saying we're having trouble writing new songs," Harry flared, "and that's bollocks! Up till now we've had six songs out on singles that we haven't used on the albums."

The controversies behind us,





sexist remarks. "Don't, Paul," warned Clive, "her boyfriend's arriving soon." "Oh, oh, oh, 'e's arriving, is he?" Paul snorted, "they don't come much posher than that!" Minds like bloody sewers . . .

The release of *Killers* co-incided with the start of the Killers World Tour which saw the band play a staggering 125 gigs in six months across Europe, Japan, Australia and North America, taking in fifteen countries and headlining everywhere except the USA where, like Japan, the band were making their first ever visit. It kicked off in Britain, at the Ipswich Gaumont on February 17, with the British leg climaxing with the band's first ever headliner at Hammersmith Odeon on 15 March. In terms of graft, it made the Kiss endurance test of 1980 seem about as taxing as a day trip to Margate, but it was ridiculously successful, pushing the band's sales figures over the million mark.

In Britain, 'Twilight Zone' was the first single off the album, released in the first week of March and featuring another cover that the ultra-sensitive pop media wrongly interpreted as more gratuitous sexism. All they could see was a nubile in a naughty but nice nightie getting spied on by that excitable Eddie. If they'd looked closer and

Maiden went on to make a series of strange claims, including citing such unexpected influences as Cockney comic Jimmy 'Kinnell' Jones (whose quips littered their conflag) and Arthur Mullard, as well as the more expected UFO, Tull and so on.

And when Steve and Paul started opining that they should have covered 'Steptoe and Son' or Zappa's 'Titties And Beer' . . .

Back to the Metal/Punk controversy - "Punk was supposed to be working class," Di'anno opined, "but most people in it were middle class. A lot of people into punk then are into Spandau Ballet and shit like that now. We'd never fit in with that type of people cos we don't put on false airs." Although their fame was spreading. "I can't go on the bus to me mum's without getting recognised," Paul moaned. "Yeah," cracked Steve, "they all look the other way!" On the whole, however, the band were in good spirits (hic). As Paul said, "Our sound's really coming on well at the moment. We've got the sound we want and it's going in the direction we want it to . . ." Although it was extremely hard for me to keep our conversation serious, what with the added distraction of my delectable snapper Cheryl Tovey, who was far prettier than that obnoxious, wart-

encrusted hob-goblin, the better of HM photography, Ross Halfin. Di'anno in particular was trying his best to pull her, making a series of unprintable and grossly



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FROM BOX OFFICE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS,
VIRGIN TICKET UNIT, & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)



listened to the words they'd have realised Eddie is actually dead and trying to contact his girlfriend Charlotte (hence the 'To Charlotte love Eddie' photo) from the next world. That's why he's transparent, you see. True, he's also wondering whether he should bump her off (spot Doctor Death making his first appearance here too) so she can join him in Hell, but this doesn't alter the fact that this is Maiden's first and only love song! Probably. The song was originally recorded as a potential B-side, but was so strong it ended up sharing 'A'-side credits with 'Wrathchild'. It got to no. 31 in the charts but there was no Top Of The Slops because the little devils were on strike. Again. By Arthur and Scargill! The Revolution won't be televised (etc).

I caught the tour early on at Birmingham on the 12 March. Maiden were being supported by those French socialist rockers Trust (with a certain Nicko McBrain handling their drum duties) but there were no such prole protests from our boys. Their lyrics were, as ever, firmly grounded in murderous historical fantasies, caped with blood, drowned in violence and heavy with hysteria. But it has to be said that musically they were still several mmm's (that's metal mayhem

metres) out in front of their Froggy pals. Sure, they'd lost some of the rough edge and rawness of those early Ruskin roots – it was a big show now, a professional performance in the established metal formula, and it went on to get even bigger and even more professional – but they hadn't forfeited one tiny iota of their energy. They'd just refined it to reach even more people, a whole new world of people. Six days later they'd started the European leg of the tour at Lille. For the next seven weeks they hightailed it round the EEC. The schedule was so taxing that confusion about where exactly they were wasn't uncommon. I remember Paul introducing the band in pidgin French once; only trouble was, they were in Italy at the time!

Tour manager Tony Wogens only joined at the start of this tour, and one of his earliest recollections of the band was when they stopped their bus at a German garage to let everyone point Percy at the porcelain. Trouble was, the garage owner took one look at the long-haired layabouts heading for his gents and put a great big 'Closed' sign up in the window. Unperturbed, our heroes trooped off the bus, stood in a line and pointed Percy all

over his garage instead. The guv'nor's wife and dishy daughter were red-faced witnesses to this dick-handed disgrace, and poor old Fritz was so gutted about it that he ran out of his office with a bucket full of icy water and chucked it all over the boys. Of course, this was the cue for real action. Leather studded belts were whipped off for a ruck, Davey Murray hurled a bottle of cognac at the big office window, and things only calmed when it became obvious that Fritz was on the dog to the cops. "We dived back on the bus and turned off the main road as soon as possible," Tony remembers. "We drove down all these little roads for hours until we got back in the autobahn for Strasbourg. I remember thinking 'What the hell have I got myself into?'"

But Deutschland wasn't all this sort of laugh an hour stuff. Paul had troubles with his tonsils, which led to ten dates getting pulled – the last four German dates and all of Scandinavia. The band pledged to make it up to our continental cousins and threw in a few German in-store autograph signing sessions where the kids got so worked up the police had to be called to quell "near riots."

Paul's shouting tackle had recovered sufficiently to allow the band to partake of their first dose of

Japan in late May. The Japanese tie-in arose directly from a gig the band had played in September '79 at the Music Machine where they supported Saxon.

A guy called Masa Ito, who was a big media man in Japan, was well tickled by Maiden's magnificence, and through his interest and influence the band scored acres of press in Japan before even *Iron Maiden* had been released. And of course the press coverage stirred up much oriental interest, so much so in fact that the first album went gold in the land of the rising exports and was the first gold album the band had ever had. *Player* magazine voted them best band in the world, or something equally restrained, and their three Tokyo concerts were sold out in less than two hours – in February, three months prior to them playing! Shades of Led Zep mania!

The band endured a 27 hour flight via Frankfurt, Karachi and Bangkok to get there, and consequently in H's words "were so pissed when we arrived we had to be poured off the plane." The reception they received (coupled to copious quantities of saki) kept them high for the whole week they were there. All the gigs were sold out, 80 per cent of the audiences were girls, and the majority of them trailed our heroes everywhere giving them Beatles-worthy send-offs at the stations.

The less said about the Bath Houses the better. The funniest thing about the gigs was the sight of security men walking round with rolled up newspapers (a sort of oriental Millwall Brick) banging anyone in the audience with the audacity to stand up sharply round the head! If you want to check the state of Paul's vox, have a quick listen to the *Maiden Japan EP* (another inevitable pun) which finds his coarse holler rawer than a grizzly bear quaffing sulphuric acid. And it was to get worse. (*Maiden Japan* happened because the Japanese wanted live product, so the band thought they'd release it worldwide). The Production was by Maiden Stalwart and Soundman Doug Hall, with help from Harry.

They flew direct from Japan to LA, where they stole a couple of days off before the awesome challenge of making their first in-roads into the States. And let's not underemphasise just how big a challenge it was. Pre-MTV, success in the States was almost entirely based on radio plays, and Maiden's muscle music was obviously far too heavy to have any chance of scoring



Maiden Japan Cover



The band's first album presentation – U.K. silver for "Iron Maiden" – plus Music Life (Japan) awards for "Best New Band".



that. The first album had been added to just four playlists (WIYY Baltimore, DC101 Washington, KCN Corpus Christi and KISS San Antonio) out of a possible figure of over 200, and even that was for about one week only! The obvious way round the radio roadblock would have been to release some watered down limp-wristed AOR gunge, but this was a compromise Maiden were unwilling to make. The only strategy they had open to them was to build themselves up as a cult or underground force until they were so big the radio had to take notice. And in a country as large and conservative as the United States, that was a lot easier said than done. Most of the sales of *Killers* were stoked up by the tour, and by record store displays and personal appearances, although as it happened 'Wrathchild' managed to pick up a limited amount of airplay and through a combination of these factors *Killers* notched up a respectable 200,000 sales – four times the sales of *Iron Maiden* – reaching no. 78 on the *Billboard* Chart, and staying in the chart for 17 weeks. So the tour definitely started to open doors for them in the US.

They kicked off this stage of the World tour opening for Judas Priest, and then played a

couple of club dates in Chicago and Detroit and a festival in Milwaukee before heading up to Canada, where the first LP had gone gold, which meant they were big enough there to headline a 1500 seater in Toronto, before moving on to more clubs in Montreal and Quebec. The drawback with all this was up till then the band had been travelling by plane for distances of 300 miles or more, but in two hire cars for under 300 miles with the luggage as well, which didn't make for a too comfortable ride. By the time they'd got to Canada everyone was dead on their feet, especially the two unfortunate drivers, tour manager Tony Wiggins and the very reluctant Smallwallet. "We were leaving one town," Tony recalls, "arriving at the next one at 4am and having to leave at 7am to make the next show. Rod and I were keeping alive on black coffee." Almost inevitably, when they finally made Quebec Tony was so totalled he walked off the stage on the side where there were no steps leading off, plummeting twelve feet to the ground like a headless parrot, and sustaining plenty of nasty bruises and a few suspected fractures! He was rushed to hospital, but still managed to be back at the gig to sort all the monies out in the earliest hours. There's dedication.

Even Rod made mistakes under these trying conditions. Yes, hard as it may be to believe Rod actually admits to going wrong at least once. Seems he was driving down from the North East to Allentown and an open air gig. H was in the front map-reading (a cunning code word for 'sleeping') on the occasion, while Harry traded snores with him from the back-seat, and Rod – well he was tanking down the New Jersey Turn Pyke, doubtless dreaming of Swiss bank accounts, when he started getting a bit worried about the turning he was looking for. Pulling over he consulted H's map and realised they'd gone so far past it they were better off driving across country than going back for the turn-off. This little round trip took them 300 miles out of their way, and he turned up at the gig just ten minutes before the band were due to go on-stage.

These near disasters were enough to convince even Rod that the car set-up was taking prudent money-saving a mite too far, and the band hired their first proper US tour bus. After Canada, a couple of British bands joined the package briefly. Whitesnake were special guests for about six dates, but found they had too much gear to make staying on feasible. Humble Pie



opened the show in Texas, and the brilliant Steve Marriott was ridiculously mistaken for an illegal Mexican 'wet-back' immigrant while travelling on the Maiden crew bus overnight – and arrested. America finished with two dates with Maiden's good mates UFO over on the West Coast. The band saw playing the Longbeach Arena at LA as so important that they actually freighted all their gear over from Philly, the last date with Priest, which was pretty damn pricey. But the audience reaction made it all worthwhile. Interestingly, by not watering down their metal the band seemed to have attracted a whole different audience. Instead of the downers-and-booze bozos of trad US audience reputation, Maiden came across a bunch of crazy people, and found a lot of kids already into the band snapping up their Eddie merchandising at a faster rate than most headline bands can expect to sell it. They found a geezer with their logo tattooed on his arms, and another one with a full-scale Eddie face emblazoned across his chest. One guy had customised his motor with that same crazy boat-race (watch out Christine!) while, best of the lot, was a bloke with the 'Sanctuary' single cover (the one with Snatcher

Thatcher righteously topped by the Ed) tattooed on his arm with 'Up The Hammers' underneath. "He didn't know what it meant," Steve Harris chortles, "He thought it was a magic motto or something. When I told 'im it was a football team I don't think he was all that pleased." Oh come on now, West Ham "a football team," that's stretching it a bit isn't it?

On the tour we were thrown in at the deep-end, "Steve recalls, Our first gig was in Las Vegas. Outrageous! Walked into the 'otel and there's like 3,000 one-armed bandits . . ." "And that was just in the toilet," quipped Davey Murray, who went on to give *Sounds*' sultriest stringer Sylvie Simmons the exclusive on Maiden's on-the-road survival recipe: 'Baked Beans A La Maid'. Viz, take a tin of Heinz beans; (the band had them flown in from Blighty, cos US beans are littered with foreign objects, like bits of pork) hold it under a hot tap for 15 minutes; open and serve with a can of American beer allowed to get flat and warm for half an hour. By Fanny and Craddock, with crap like that polluting their guts it's a wonder they survived at all!

Flushed with confidence, Maiden returned to Europe to honour the dates they'd blown out because of Paul's poor tortured tonsils. They

played three big German open-air festivals in the process, with Foreigner, Kansas, Blue Oyster Cult, Motorhead and so on. After Germany, Maiden shot through the Iron Curtain to play a huge Yugoslavian Festival. *Killers* had gone gold out there and the Yugo-kids were so starved of British rock energy that 5,000 of them who'd slept in the field over night went bonkers even during the early morning soundcheck! The money they made in Yugoslavia financed the rescheduled Scandinavian show which turned out to be the last gigs Paul Di'anno ever did with the band.

Rumours about the growing rift betwixt the band and their singer had been rife in England ever since those European voice problems, and were stoked to forest fire proportions in September by gossip about hush-hush rehearsals for a new mouth merchant. The rumours about Di'anno had got back to the band in LA, and quite amusingly Harry was capably denying them to the probing Sylvie in the very same issue as the news that Di'anno HAD got the tin-tack broke. "Di'anno Out Of Maiden" ran the shock headline for the lead news item in *Sounds*. The split, a spokesman said, was "on a totally amicable basis" and due "largely to different attitudes

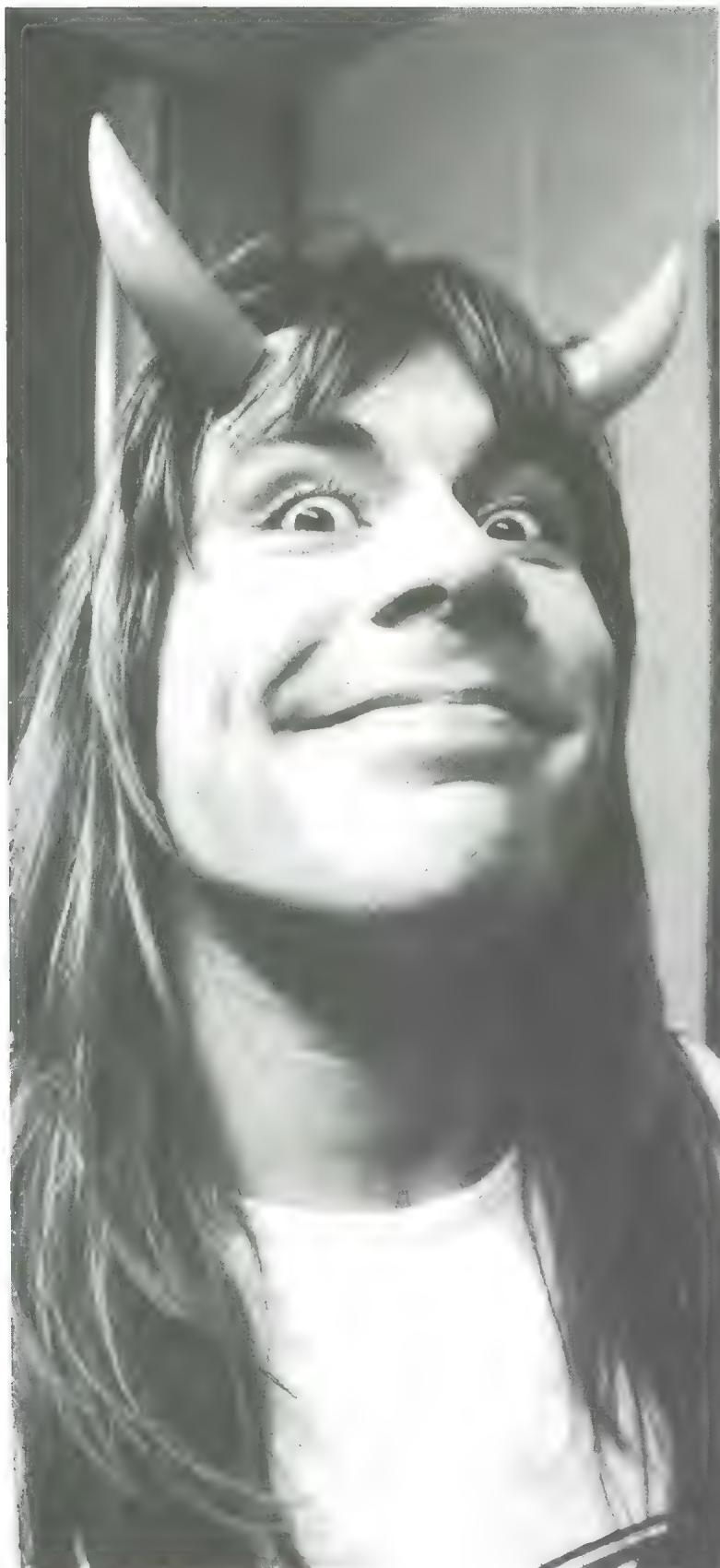
towards the music and touring". But News Editor Hugh Fielder noted that it was widely understood that there were other "more explicitly rock'n'roll factors involved" – and he wasn't talking Coca Cola! Paul's biggest problem was he just didn't respect his most valuable asset – his voice. He smoked, he drank too much, and he generally lived the 'rock'n'roll life-style' to the full. And naturally his singing suffered. Personally, I felt it was a real shame, because Paul was such a colourful character, but then it was all his own fault. One of the saddest sights I ever saw was his 'solo' band Lone Wolf play the Bridge House in the summer of '82. They had all the wolverine presence of a neutered tom cat. It's not as if they were even bad, they were just stunningly unoriginal and deadly dull. There was none of the energy or commitment there that had made Maiden's meteoric rise to metal's premier league so irresistible. Instead all Lone Wolf had to proffer was a lukewarm mix of watered down Whitesnake. It was a waste of our time and his talent. Since then things have brightened up for Paul. He's got a new band called just plain Di'anno together, and by the sound of things they're a lot hotter than

Lone Wolf. Admittedly their debut album, also called *Di'anno* scored a lame review in *Sounds* recently, but I've got the feeling Di'anno will be bouncing back like a bad cheque some day soon. I hope so anyway. And so, I know, do Maiden. Back in '81, Paul's replacement was Samson's Bruce Bruce, real name Dickinson, who'd done so well at Reading the year before. Harry had first seen him perform at that legendary NWOBHM fest at the Music Machine. Always impressed by his prowess, it was kinda natural that when Paul was on the verge of leaving, it was Bruce Steve asked to audition. The band told him to learn six songs – he learnt fifteen. They played ten straight through and then went down the nearest boozier to celebrate. Bruce reckoned "It was obviously happening from the word go. I think it was a strength that I was so completely different from Paul. It wouldn't have done just to get a Di'anno impersonator in. And the songs are certainly strong enough to stand the different interpretation. I added a few things to songs like 'Remember Tomorrow' but they were just things that should have been there anyway"

years living in a council house with his miner grandad before moving onto the 15 acre farm his folks ran near Sheffield. His first taste of rock came when he was eight and at a hotel his parents managed which used to attract a band called Octopus who often stayed there ("and caused far less trouble than the scores of travelling salesmen who also used to stay there"). By an amazing coincidence the Octopus roadie Albert who used to pat the infant Bruce on the bonce is now Maiden's head trucker for Europe. .

At 13, Bruce went to Oundle boarding school – the reason I'd expected him to be a public school snob. He isn't, he's as down to earth as the rest of the boys with an unknockable knack for a crack which actually saw him expelled from his posh school three months before his 'A' levels. Seems he'd defrosted his headmaster's peas in a particularly novel way – by peeing on 'em in the cooking pot. This cringe-worthy crime went undetected but very eaten until some nasty little toe-rag grassed him up and thus spelt our hero's urination. Sadly this put an untimely end to a titillating series of practical joshing (including having his house master delivered a ton of steaming





horse manure) and consequent severe beatings. Just as well – God only knows what he'd have done with the semolina.

He ended up taking his 'A' levels at a local Catholic school. Somehow he passed and went on to London's Queen Mary College and a three year history course. Before long he'd ditched the studying and started booking bands as student union social secretary. Bruce had joined his first band at 17. "I originally wanted to be a drummer but I never had the bottle to buy a drum kit," he reveals. "Eventually I joined this garage band in Sheffield. We got into the headlines in the local paper when we got attacked on stage by this shift-working steel worker we'd woken up. He bottled the guitarist and chucked the drums off-stage, so I attacked him with a chair. . ." Down at Queen Mary's, Bruce went through two bands. The first was Speed, a hard rock band with keyboards who sounded a soupcon like the Stranglers, and the Shots who were rockier and played the Green Man, Plumstead incessantly throughout 1978. His History finals put the Shots on ice, but as luck would have it Paul Samson chose this time to give Bruce a bell. He'd seen him sing at Kay's Soundhouse and offered him the gig. The afternoon after the morning he finished his finals, Bruce was down Greenwich rehearsing with Samson. He stayed with the band for two and a half years. It was the old Samson management who originally christened him Bruce Bruce (from the Monty Python 'no pooftas' sketch), perpetuating the nickname by making all the cheques out to that stupendous silly moniker. But as Samson developed it became more and more obvious that the band main men were evolving in very different directions, Paul Samson towards the bluesy band of today, with young Bruce favouring full-frontal mouth-foaming metal which made Maiden such a logical home from home.

Sadly this move wasn't made that easy. Without digging too deeply into irrelevant legal details, the collapse of Samson's recording label, Gem Records, and much ex Samson management monkey business meant Bruce was unable to write lyrics for Maiden for the first year he was a member.

As soon as his recruitment had been made public, Maiden went off for four quick Italian gigs to 'break him in'. All the gigs were sold out, the crowds went crackers, and there

was no noticeable difference in their appreciation because of Paul's absence. London was more of a test though. The band came back and played the Rainbow on Sunday November 15 with those old favourites Praying Mantis supporting and Bruce – well, he went down fine. There were a few bollock brains in the crowd feebly yelling 'Bring back Di'anno!' but this trend soon died away, and there's no doubt the majority of punters took to him like a duck to orange sauce, colourfully christening him 'The Air Raid Siren' (a nickname he really did earn in Samson when he managed to shatter a huge glass globe at Chelsea College with one particular well-placed scream).

History was made after the gig too, when for the first time in living memory Rod Smallwillet threw a party 'for friends of the band only' (although the grub was just peanuts and olives he was rumoured to have nicked in hotel bars and smuggled

back from Italy). To prove there were no hard feelings abounding, Paul Di'anno turned up in a pale blue waiters jacket and brothel creepers. Like I said, lovely bloke, just a shame about the dress sense, that's all. . .

Satisfied that they'd made the right decision by signing on the Dickinson, Maiden finished the year in fine traditional style with a Christmas charity bash at the Ruskin Arms under the give-away nom de powerhouse of Genghis Khan. This served the joint purpose of raising plenty of moolah for Doctor Barnardo's AND getting Dave Murray his first decent on-stage pie-ing. Ysee, it's traditional for Maiden to pie-up any unfortunate band member whose birthday it happens to be live on stage. But because Davey's falls on 23 December, he'd always managed to get out of it – until this time. The only minor irritant on this hot and hectic knees-up of a night was the band

and roadcrew only getting given a feeble twelve free bottles of beer by Mr Lucy. For although the retired thumper's a proper character, you could say that he's known for his generosity in the same way that Lieutenant Kojak is known for his long flowing barnet. . . Indignant, the crazy baldhead Vic Vella simply breezed into the bar and helped himself to a crate-load. Well be fair, guv, it do get a bit 'ot in them places. . .

And that made a sweltering end for a year that had seen our heroes second album crash into the album charts of every major market in the world, going Top 10 in the UK, France, Germany, Japan, Sweden, and Belgium, and going Top 80 in the USA. In the process it had gone gold in Britain, Canada, and Japan, and double-gold in France.

The press rumblings of doubt had done absolutely nothing to dampen their growth or their spirit. . .



Xmas Card '81

KILLER EUROPE 1981

MARCH

18 LILLE
19 LEHAVRE
20 REIMS
21 PARIS
23 LYON
24 MIRAMAR
25 TOULON
27 MONTPELIER
28 NICE
30 BOLOGNA
31 MILAN

APRIL

1 UDINESE
2 BRESCA
3 TURIN
5 ZURICH
6 MUNICH
7 FRANKFURT
8 COLOGNE
9 KASSEL
10 BERLIN
12 WURZBURG
13 MANNHEIM
14 VILLINGEN
15 KARLSRUHE
16 ERLANGEN
17 STRASBOURG
18 MULHOUSE
19 DOVAINE

APRIL

21 TOULOUSE
22 BORDEAUX
23 ORLEANS
24 GENK
25 ANTWERP
26 LEIDEN
27 WINSCHOTEN
28 NIJMEGEN
29 BREMEN
30 HANNOVER

MAY

2 DORTMUND
3 HAMBURG

AUGUST

24 SUNRISE FESTIVAL: NUREMBURG
26 SUNRISE FESTIVAL: FRANKFURT

SEPTEMBER
6 BELGRADE
9 STOCKHOLM
10 LUND

1981 KILLER TOUR (JAPAN)

MAY

21 KOSEI NENKIN HALL, TOKYO
22 FESTIVAL HALL, OSAKA
23 KOSEI NENKIN HALL NAGOYA
24 SUN PLAZA HALL, TOKYO
(2 Shows)

KILLER US TOUR 1981

JUNE

3 ALADIN HOTEL, LAS VEGAS, NE
4 MEMORIAL COLISEUM, PHOENIX, AZ
5 COUNTY COLISEUM, EL PASO, TX
6 COUNTY COLISEUM, ODESSA, TX
7 MEMORIAL COLISEUM, LUBBOCK, TX
9 VILLA REAL, MCALLLEN, TX
10 CIVIC CENTER, LAREDO, TX
11 ARENA, SAN ANTONIO, TX
13 MOODY COLISEUM, DALLAS TX
14 COLISEUM, HOUSTON, TX
19 HARPO S, DETROIT, MI
21 CONCERT HALL, TORONTO, CANADA
22 LE CLUB, MONTREAL, CANADA
26 ROCK STAGE, MILWAUKEE, WI
27 POINT EAST, LYNWOOD, IL
28 AGORA, CLEVELAND, OH

JULY

1 CAPITAL CENTER, LARGO, MD
2 CONVENTION CENTER, ASBURY PK
3 CIVIC CENTER, SALSBURY, MD
4 SCOPE, NORFOLK, VA
7 STANLEY THEATER, PITTS, PA
9 CIVIC CENTER, MYRTLE BCH, SC
10 FOX THEATER, ATLANTA, GA
11 FREEDOM HALL, JOHNSON CITY, TN
12 NORTH HALL, MEMPHIS, TN
15 HARA ARENA, DAYTON, OH
16 WAR MEMORIAL, JOHNSTOWN, PA
17 SHEA'S THEATER, BUFFALO, NY
18 AUD. THEATER, ROCHESTER, NY
19 LANDMARK THEATER, SYRACUSE, NY
21 PALACE THEATER, ALBANY, NY

22-23 PALLADIUM, NEW YORK, NY
24 PALADIUM, NEW YORK, NY
25 COLISEUM, NEW HAVEN, CT
26 FAIRCROUNDS, ALLENTOWN, PA
28 ORPHEUM THEATER, BOSTON, MA
29 CIVIC CENTER, BALTIMORE, MD
30 TOWER THEATER, PHILADELPHIA, PA

AUGUST

1 SWING AUD., SAN BERNADINO, CA
4 ARENA, LONG BEACH, CA

ITALY 1981

OCTOBER

26 BOLOGNA PALASPORT
27 ROME THEATRO TENDA
28 FLORENCE THEATRO TENDA
29 UDINE
30 MILAN PALAIS LIDO
31 TRAVEL U.K.

1981 KILLER UK TOUR

FEBRUARY

17 IPSWICH
18 NORWICH
19 OXFORD
20 LANCASTER
21 DERBY
22 MANCHESTER
23 HANLEY
24 DUNSTABLE
26 GUILDFORD
27 BRISTOL
28 TAUNTON

MARCH

1 BOURNEMOUTH
2 SOUTHAMPTON
4 BRADFORD
5 LIVERPOOL
6 MIDDLESBROUGH
7 NEWCASTLE
8 GLASGOW
9 EDINBURGH
10 SHEFFIELD
12 BIRMINGHAM
13 CAMBRIDGE
14 BRACKNELL
15 HAMMERSMITH





Chapter Five
Unleashed With The Beast,
Around The World in 180 dates

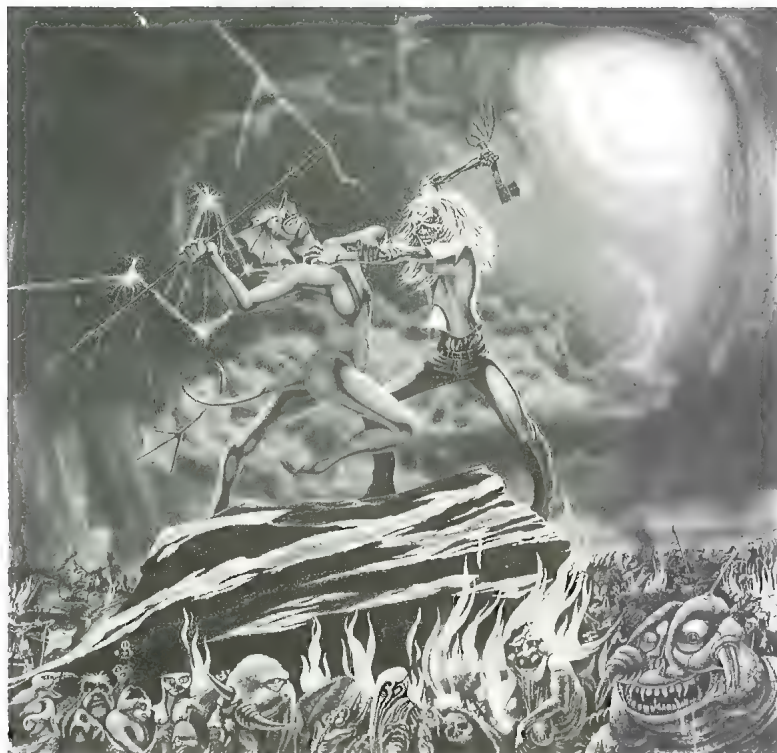


IF Bruce Dickinson was gonna have his work cut out for him matching wide-boy Di'anno's cocky colourful character, there was soon to be little doubt that in terms of sheer vocal power, Dickinson, who is as pro as Charlotte the Harlot, made Paul sound strictly amateur hour. The proof in plastic came in March 1982 with the release of the 'Run To The Hills' single, which was so red-hot it scorched away any lingering doubts about the vocal change-over like spittle evaporating on a steaming stove. Bruce's singing might have been more grounded in the HM tradition, but it was clear that the Sheffield songbird possessed as fine a pair of hyper-dramatic lungs as ever shattered a 3K rig. The gallopingly addictive 45 eventually got to number 7 on the British charts – their first ever Top Ten single – despite the usual lack of radio play; and the video the band did for it with David Mallett featured Maiden live footage interspersed with comic extracts from an old Buster Keaton movie, though Buster himself couldn't be shown for copyright reasons. It made *Top Of The Pops* when the single



went Top Ten and the newly emergent MTV showed it too, which helped the band especially in the South East of the States. But 'Run To The Hills'

was just a contagious taster for the triumphant third album *The Number Of The Beast*. Released on 22 March, in terms of sound, power, dynamics, song quality and even sleeve design, 'Number' was definitive Maiden. A classic of comic book blood and gore, the Derek Riggs sleeve illustration revealed anti-hero Eddie unleashing a tamed Beelzebub (dangling on his strings, and in turn dangling a doll-size Ed on his!) and a savage squadron of his screaming harpies onto us luckless mortals in an ugly orgy of pillage and gratuitous carnage. This sick pic had actually been drawn for the cover of the 'Purgatory' single (which came out the previous June and was actually the band's least successful British single ever, crawling up to no. 46 on the UK chart – "but then it wasn't really a single," Rod explains, "it was just lifted off the album which the fans already had"); but Derek's design was so striking that the band decided to hold it for the *Beast* album cover, and gave 'Purgatory' the less panoramic design of





Beelzebub's boat rotting away to become Eddie. On the back of the *Beast* sleeve the band are depicted coming over the flaming hillocks of Hell to observe the carnage Ed and old Nick were leaving in their equally evil wake. And, as the title track was inspired by the movie *Omen II*, they lifted the following quotation from Revelations to go with it: 'Woe to you, oh Earth and Sea, for the Devil sends the beast with wrath, because he knows the time is short. . . Let him who have understanding reckon the number of the beast for it is a human number. Its number is Six Hundred and Sixty Six.'

Many of Harry's songs are movie-inspired, and to him this was just another in a series with no added significance. The idea that because of the Revelations quote, Maiden were saying that their Eddie was the biblical beast dispatched by Satan and thus the whole album was a perverse paean to dodgy devil worship was completely ludicrous – and it's no real surprise that the only people who read this into it were, as we shall see, nutters from the crazed region of the US Bible Belt. Not that the band were spared from mysterious goings on that suggested they were meddling in areas best left untouched. Taking time out in December and January to write the masterpiece, the band went into Battery Studios with Martin Birch in February to record it. And, well, as *The Sun's* Queen Of Pop Nina Myskow reported in the 2 March issue: 'Devilish Jinx Jolts Maiden'. 'Everything went wrong from the beginning,' Bruce Dickinson told her. Like – lights started going on and off in the studio of their own accord! The recording equipment mysteriously broke down! Things went bump in the night, specifically

the band's gear which began emitting creaks, groans, and all manner of strange noises. And then, to compound their worst fears, Martin Birch crashed his car on the way to the studio one night. The other driver was a religious nutter and the bill for the damage came to £666.66! You can't expect me to believe that, I sceptically remarked to Steve when we were discussing the incident later. Harry assured me it was gospel truth. 'We were all shaken and Martin was terrified,' he said, 'he made them put the bill up to £667.'

To rub home the band's contempt for devil-dabbling, Bruce told Nina that its Godfather Aleister Crowley was 'a bloody looney.' But never mind the hillocks and pillocks, a million readers shout as one, wot abharts the bloody album? Well, true to their best live form, Maiden provided a suitably scorching soundtrack of raging Purple-esque mayhem, rarely failing to notch up the old 100mph headbang while at the same time taking in multiple complex changes and retaining a strong sense of melody. It was epic stuff, and undoubtedly their finest recording to date.

'Invaders' opened side one, an extension of the old standard 'Invasion', which powered relentlessly into a rhythm more unstoppable than a riot of armoured bull elephants with Dave and H wielding axes like Errol Flynn and Douglas Fairbanks flashing deadly rapiers. It made most contemporary punk bands sound like plodding pensioners without surrendering skill to thicko thrash. Next up was the angst-heavy acoustic dry-ice dream of 'Children Of The Damned' (again inspired by the film of the same insane name) with a mood similar to 'Remember Tomorrow' and because of my Total Noise prejudices the only dodgy moment on a spanking fine platter.

'The Prisoner' came next, another nifty mover to be sure, and with a funny tale attached. The song was inspired by the sixties acid-tab TV series of the same name and opens with a spoken phrase from the series. The phrase 'I'm not a number, I'm a free man' sums up the spirit of the central rebel character portrayed by the series writer, maverick Danger Man Patrick McGoochan. British heavy DJ Tommy Vance had the tapes so Steve could find the quote he wanted; all that remained then was to get permission to lift it from the man himself. For the first time since

they'd known him, Harry reports that Rod looked as nervous as a rookie conscript on the eve of his first battle. You see, it was his job to ring McGoochan in LA. 'Oh bloody 'ell,' Rod moaned in finest Yorkie style, 'it's alright dealing with these arsehole rock stars, but he's a real bona fide superstar actor. I was fucking terrified.' All the band were cracking up as Roderick hesitantly dialled and told the actor the details. 'What was the band's name again?' the great man asked. 'Iron Maiden,' replied a terrified Rod. 'A rock band you say,' McGoochan mused and then snapped the command 'DO IT!' in the finest imperious manner of his TV character.

Side one finished in frisky style with a '22 Acacia Avenue', a steaming hot ode to our old brothel-born buddy Charlotte The Harlot complete with the scintillating info 'Fifteen quid is all she asks for/Everybody's got their vice.'

Side two kick-started with the tasty title track, a terrifying tale of diabolical evil leading from an ominous Vincent Price like spoken intro (the speaker found by an ad agent mate of Rod's) via a hard-riffing guitar build-up into a savage stampede of Satanic sound – a pure dream scene, despite the nightmarish scream at the start, rather than a hymn to the prince of darkness. 'Run To The Hills' was next, telling the tale of the massacre of the native Americans by the pillaging pale-faces from both points of view, and that was chased hard by the band having a nice Kray with the villainous velocity of 'Gangland'. Which left the album to climax with a mournful tale of a soul-searching sinner repenting while awaiting execution, 'Hallowed Be Thy Name', a real atmospheric growler replete with classical guitar intro and sombre tolling bells.

Reviewing it in *Sounds* I awarded the platter maximum star ratings and decided there and then that this was a milestone album, every bit as important to Maiden's career – and to contemporary rock music – as the definitive *Deep Purple In Rock* had been to their mighty mentors and all around them a decade earlier. As if to confirm this judgement, the album smashed into the UK Charts at number one (staying there for a second week too, to prove it was no hype/fluke) and went on to surpass the sales of *Killers* in every territory. The day Maiden heard the good news they were travelling from Switzerland to Paris and the coach had broken down. Because the crew

had already got to the capital for the night's gig, the band had no alternative but to get out and start pushing. Said Tony Wiggins: "Here we had five guys whose album had just shot to the top of the charts in England pushing their coach to get it started. And no one thought twice about it. There were no moodies, no star trips. Then they got back on and we drove off as if nothing had happened." This was of course at the beginning of the European leg of the 'Beast On The Road 1982' world tour, which stretched from February to Dec 20 of that year, upping the ante to eighteen countries and an incredible 180 shows. It kicked off in beautiful downtown Dunstable on February 25, with 'Run To The Hills' in the Top Ten, and the band's finest achievement behind them. No, we're not talking boring gigs here, chaps, Maiden had appeared on *Tiswas* – the classic Saturday morning TV slapstick show for kids of all ages – where not even the threat of Eddie could deter the Phantom Flan Flinger from pie-ing the lot of 'em. Another unexpected first followed 'Beast's triumphant reign at the top of the charts – the *NME* asked for an interview. Now the *NME*, as you may be aware, was and remains completely anti-Rock. As Rod says: "It was obvious that the *NME* being a pseudo-intellectual college/undergrad rag would try and put us down. So we agreed to do the interview as long as it was on our terms only, that is, it was printed in a question and answer format (so as to stop them mis-quoting and misleading) and we got the front page." Reluctantly the *NME* agreed, and sent forth their most notorious pseud Paul Morley to do battle (he was obviously nervous because he got as pissed as a parrot, even resorting to nicking our boys' scotch while they were away for a gypsy's).

Morley did his best, waffling on about "moral and intellectual complacency" but was easily parried by Harry and Dickinson both of whom are much brighter than he gave them credit for. Morley never succeeded in showing them up and in the process Eddie seized the front page of the *NME*, thus striking a major blow against pseudos everywhere and notching up yet another triumph for Maiden and Heavy Metal.

The Maiden UK tour continued with another 19 sold-out gigs after Dunstable, including Hammersmith Odeon. This was the tour that Maiden decided to do something to



curb the pirate merchandisers who habitually plague rock gigs. Rod's old partner Andy Taylor had just got involved as co-manager on a full-time basis, and he explained: "The idea behind our action wasn't so we could sell a lot more, but to keep the quality of the stuff kids were buying as high as possible. The pirate stuff had lower quality designs and just wasn't as good. On that tour up to twenty pirates every night had been following the band offering fans inferior material based largely on old designs from previous album covers. Understandably many of the people who bought this merchandise were very disappointed when they entered

the hall and saw the designs and the high quality of the official merchandising." The action they took was very effective. In Manchester injunctions were served on several pirates selling scarves and t-shirts outside the Apollo. At Leicester, the following evening, the peelers 'interviewed' ten pirates and arrested three people in connection with charges of obtaining readies by deception. This sort of firmness, showing the band were actually willing to put people in prison to protect their fans, certainly trimmed down the numbers of pirates prepared to try it on outside their gigs, and a lot of other bands followed suit.



Pie time on *Tiswas*



Melvin on Tour

Nowadays, '84, the band have solicitors with them on the road ready to take action wherever necessary, and needless to say, all their designs are properly copyrighted.

Andy Taylor, though always Rod's partner, hadn't been involved with Maiden much before this time. But since then, although he's remained the 'man at the back' in terms of publicity and so on, he really has become an integral part of the operation. Not that his involvement hasn't been without its funny side. He recalls the first time he'd gone and seen them play in Newcastle in 1980. He turned up at the gig in a suit and tie only to have the doorman stop him and say "Excuse me sir, do you know who's playing tonight?" When Andy answered in the affirmative, the doorman said "Oh, it's only that we don't get many people in suits here..." "Which," says Andy, "sort of sums up my relationship with the band..."

After Blighty, Maiden visited France again. But those excitable Gauls got a trifle carried away by it all, and in Gay Paree, 5,000 frenzied fans decided that wrecking the Metro was the best way of celebrating a Maiden night out (which is not such a good idea with so few rock gigs left as it is. Needless to say, but sadly so, the venue has been closed to rock ever

since). Good ol' Southern noize boize Blackfoot were the support act for the French and Spanish legs of the tour, so little can be recalled by anyone about the nights except that they were "well over the top." It was Maiden's first ever visit to Espania, but that didn't stop 'em selling out all three of the 8,000 capacity gigs they played there. The only drawback was Bruce picking up a chest infection – which meant three dates on la Cote D'Azur had to get pulled. Switzerland, Germany (with Trust opening), Holland and Belgium came next, followed by the big one – North America. On the eve of the US tour, a second single from the album, 'The Number Of The Beast' itself was released in Britain. It went top 20 and is worth mentioning especially for the superb video featuring ballroom dancers waltzing merrily with '666' on their backs! The Big Eddie – the twelve foot job – who first made his appearance on this tour, was featured in it too, only the poor sod was edited out of the video by MTV after viewers complained that he was scaring 'em too much. That sort of thing always amazes me; you always seem to get these people who watch telly just to see if there's anything they can complain about (cont. nearest public bar).

Maiden started in North America in Flint, Michigan, on May 11 and

went on to play 106 gigs on the subcontinent with only a brief sight of Blighty in the shape of the '82 Reading Festival to break up the constant bombardment of truck stops and Denny's breakfasts. 'The Number Of The Beast' smashed a crazed course up to No 33 on the *Billboard* chart, strutting around the Top 100 for over 8 months, and clocking up sales of well over a 350,000 in the process (which meant worldwide the band had over-taken '81's impressive sales of over one million as early as summer of '82!).

Three weeks supporting Rainbow made for a highly enjoyable tour beginning, chased just as acely by dates in the south east with bad-ass boogie boys 38 Special. Maiden enjoyed supporting both acts, the only trouble occurring on the dates all three shared where the band found themselves trapped in a near war between the two camps. "We just kept our heads down and got on with playing," Bruce recalls. Jack Daniels hisself made a regular (hic) appearance with the 38 boys, again making for a 'party every night' atmosphere that seemed to play havoc with the old memory cells. Tour highlights however definitely included Big Eddie's special appearance on stage with 38 Special in Memphis on Donnie Van Zant's birthday and the first ever sighting of Melvin in Norman, Oklahoma. Who he? Why, none other than that nice quiet Adrian's hideous Mr Hyde of an alter-ego. Norman was the last night of that stretch of tour, and naturally a party of royal proportions went on into the medium-sized hours and beyond. It was actually 9am when the 38 Tour Manager decided that H had gone to bed too early and kicked his hotel door in with a full bottle of Chivas Regal clutched tightly in his mitts. By 9.30 the bottle was empty and H was sparko. But the band had a 10.30 am plane to catch for Canada, so somehow they managed to pack his cases and get him to the plane on time. They had to change planes at Chicago and Maiden left Davey in charge of his sozzled six string sidekick – a mistake. Dave headed straight for the bar with H in tow, H had a drink or three and detoured to the bog, whereupon Davey went off without him. At the departure gate the band realised H must have passed out in the bog, and managed to delay the plane until he was dragged out. Only now he was no longer H he was Melvin. Hideously pissed Mel stumbled on the plane, shook hands with the crew, and then wandered

into the cockpit to try and personally apologise to the Captain. Then he shook hands with everyone on the plane, stumbled down to his seat to loud applause from band and crew, and promptly fell flat on his face.

The Beast went Top Ten in Canada, going platinum in the process, so the band headlined Eastern Canada to a fine demented response. Says Rod: "The only bad things about Canada was losing a darts match to our record company, Capitol, and then me and Steve played soccer for *Music Express*, the best Canadian music paper which is run by a mad Yorkshireman called Keith Sharp, and we got beaten 3-2. Steve got both our goals though." Quebec City was also our first taste of stadium headlining in North America. 9,000 showed up – we couldn't believe it. Just great! Canada was always way ahead of the States as radio hasn't got as much of a stanglehold."

A sell-out performance at the New York Palladium followed, marred only by one asshole 'fan' hurling a firework on stage, hitting Dave's guitar roadie Bill Barclay bang in the boat and almost blinding him. Apparently the kid who did it was given a severe kicking by other fans after the gig, so justice was done. The adverts for the Palladium show included a picture of Eddie holding aloft the bitten-off head of Ozzy Osbourne, the maddest man in rock'n'roll who the year before had outraged most of America by biting the head off a dove, followed closely by biting the wing off a pigeon and then by chewing on a bat's bonce! The press release at the time explained that Eddie was a great mate of bats in general, and had decided to avenge Ozzy's latest outrage. Unbelievably Ozzy's label boss Don Arden rang Rod up and said he thought the Maiden ad was "in bad taste," and asked them to withdraw the picture, and Maiden, like anyone else with any sense and respect, agreed. While we're on the subject of the Ed, now's a good time as any to mention his sparkling appearances on the band's US merchandising where he really came into his own. In Texas our 'orrible 'ero was depicted gnawing on an armadillo in the desert. In New York he was swinging off the Empire State Building with a conquered King Kong in his murky mitts. While California found him riding a shark surf-board stylee!

Post-Palladium Maiden had ten weeks as Special Guests of the



The Bats triumph



The Palladium, New York City

Scorpions with the terminally delightful Girlschool opening. Highlight of this tour was a soccer match betwixt the Scorpions and the Cockneys which, after a particularly hard struggle, ended at a gentlemanly 0-0 draw. This part of the tour covered the Mid-West, Texas and all along the West Coast. During which time Maiden opened two festival bills with Foreigner, Loverboy and the Scorpions, the Oakland one and one at Anaheim near LA, which saw them playing to audiences of 57,000 and 75,000 people respectively!! The end of the Scorpions dates at Portland Oregon saw some wild and whacky scenes.

The Scorpions struck first, handcuffing Bruce's hands behind his back during 'Drifter' which left the poor sod trying to get the crowd clapping without the use of his mitts. Natch, Maiden planned a spectacular revenge. . . . At the end of their set, the Scorpions all troop back dramatically into their drum riser 'space ship' only this time when the space ship appeared, outspilled all of Maiden dressed up with towels round their heads, little black Mel Brooks moustaches made from gaffa tape, and forks over their eyes in the manner of the Scorpions LP sleeve. The end of tour party in Portland was legendary . . .

and censored.

Your humble scribe arrived on the scene in mid-August in Texas, Corpus Christi to be precise, well into the Scorpions leg. With its palm trees and acres of topless bars, Christi looked uncannily like the opulent off-spring of some bizarre artificial insemination experiment involving Soho and the Bahamas. Although the gig I saw was anything but as relaxed with the crowd down the front during Maiden's set turning in a reasonable impersonation of a

Japanese tube train rush hour, cowboys and Mexicans crushed together in a sweat-sodden melting pot, staring rapturously at the band like they were the people who'd invented sex. Me, I wouldn't have been in the Scorpions schuen for all the bricks in the Berlin Wall, and it's real testimony to their own clout that they managed to follow Maiden without getting canned.

UFO's 'Doctor Doctor' made for an instructive intro tape, building the tension up before Maiden belted

into 'Wrathchild' with all the enthusiasm of a rugby team on a free pass to the Reeperbahn. To my surprise, Bruce was the centre of attraction, a sawn-off Conan The Barbarian in tight red strides and Injun boots, sporting Viking locks and a Desperate Dan stubble you could light matches on. He careers round any stage like Bruce Forsyth with St Vitus Dance, showing off his near peerless line in crowd titillation. Easily living up to his noisy nickname of 'Air Raid Siren', the Cro-magnon crooner never fails to get a crowd going ape-shit and on several notable occasions out in Texas he wound the billies up to near hysteria simply with wordless gesticulating, which is nowhere near as painful as it sounds. 'Run to The Hills' carried on the impact, its poppier gallop being familiar over here only thanks to extensive MTV plays of the video as Maiden had still refused to bring out a single in the States, and the Beast, despite its sales, saw pitifully little air play on the so-called "Rock Stations" in the land of the free. But the number certainly touched a popular chord and on the night in question the grand-daughter of an old Apache chief had travelled all the way from Nevada bearing gifts as a sort of thank you. From this speedy high the band dropped a couple of gears for 'Children Of The Damned' which, admittedly worked better live than on record, sounding epic with its slow sinister stroll through the vaporous pits of hell. 'Number of The Beast' raised the excitement stakes and left me wondering where had all the flaws gone? (Long time passing). By now Bruce was having to compete for crowd attention with the upfront thrusting and posturing of bass baron 'Bomber' Harris. Not to be outdone, H and Murray swapped sizzling guitar pyrotechnics, Dave excelling himself with that smashing first break on 'Number' while Clive Burr contented himself bashing out a solid beat from the rear. Little did I know that this would be the last time I'd see Clive play live. . . The set coursed on, coupling the rhythm of leaping chargers to wild guitar flurries and such evocative lyrics as the rampantly rude '22 Acacia Avenue' and the more philosophical 'Hallowed Be Thy Name'. The band hit like a wrecking ball on a brick wall. Natch, 'Iron Maiden' itself still rounded off the set with Big Eddie putting in a menacing eyes-flashing appearance. He'd grown to a staggering 12 foot high, but this evening an even stranger monstrosity put in an appearance.



Clive and Gary Bushell in Texas



Halfin gets his in Corpus Christi – Rod and Gary Bushell hold him down whilst Bruce and Steve point out the problem

Before the encore a wretched handcuffed figure was dragged on stage and literally smothered in shaving foam. Then the beast was bumped with 8,000 people counting all the way up to 30. The wretch was our old pal Ross 'Lonely loins' Halfin and this was the long awaited Rock Band's revenge on his perverted snapshots. But to tell the truth this sweet retaliatory justice didn't really reach its outrageous peak till backstage after the gig. Fooled into taking a shower, Halfin was dragged away from the towels that covered his dripping torso and paraded, naked in front of Steve Harris and his camera. The film was smuggled back to England by yours truly and rival lensman 'Crazy' George Bodner dispatched a print to every record company and music paper in London. The hunter had been captured by the game and he was fuming, but as his own father Bob 'Pink toothbrush' Halfin said "Why should he get so upset about such a little thing?" (PS In a desperate bid for revenge, Halfin got his allies the show-openers Girlschool to launch a chocolate cake attack on my good self. As luck would have it I ducked at an opportune moment and the gungy substance whistled over my head to land full-square in a security man's boat. Like a bleedin' Charlie Chaplin movie, it was . . .)

This was just a small taste of the unbridled, mayhem that dogged the tour. True to form Rod Smallwood was busy "just realising I've forgotten my wallet" for several hefty bills. Although at least they eventually got their own back on the miser-like manager. Seems Rod issued a warning to the roadcrew that if any of them 'got involved' with any juicy jailbait they'd be on the next plane home (due to underage laws in some states he didn't want the crew getting locked up during the tour. After was OK!) Within a week His Tightness was spotted 'getting off' with a sweet little sixteen year old. Natch, he received a dummy one-way air ticket from the band first thing in the morning! Less fun was their own 'Play Misty' fan, a beautiful but very diseased and quite mad bird who turned up at every hotel the band were staying in! Melvin appeared more and more frequently and on rarer occasions Clive Burr, good-natured Leytonstone layabout and demon drummer, was similarly transformed into the foul-mouthed Kelvin. While when Dave Murray reached that twilight zone between normality and coma he became Nobby Tart which



is self-explanatory. Yeah, it's about time we got round to Mr. Murray. One of the first things I saw in Christi was tall bronzed Maiden assistant tour manager and resident Casanova Warren The Rampant hammering on Murray's hotel door to no avail. Eventually out of desperation, he applied his full force to the door and sent it flying open to find . . . no-one. The room looked like a hippy squat five minutes after it had been turned over by the Sweeney and ten minutes after a Mafia maid! Drawers and clothes littered the floor, the big bed was dishevelled and empty . . . but the window was wide open. Surely Dave hadn't . . . For a ghastly moment I thought we had yet another line-up change on our hands. Then Warren said "My God," ever so softly. Lying prostrate on the floor, looking as white as a Dulux ad, and wrapped only in a bed sheet was Murray, sparko, and totally oblivious to all the racket. Only the gentle movement of the sheet indicated any life at all. Minutes of slapping had no effect, so Warren just hoisted him over his shoulder and carried him thru a stunned hotel reception and on to the tour bus for the long drive to Houston and/or the nearest quack. With his flowing locks and near naked torso I couldn't help but recall Bruce's badge, "Easter is cancelled - they've found the body!" It's difficult to believe that this sad

comatose figure would, just an hour later, be sitting up flashing that cherubic grin and dismissing the panic with a cheery "I 'ad a few over the eight last night." Shouldn't that read eighty? No surprise then that David wants to buy his own boozier back home in Hackney. An x-ray of his liver would have to be preserved in pure methylated spirit! And yet his womanising powers seem unaffected by the booze. A mere hour or two after he'd recovered from his comatose collapse he walked into a topless bar where I was thrashing Bruce at pool and pulled one of the strippers, a delightfully huge breasted artiste by the name of Rachel (who definitely reached the part most beers wouldn't dare).

All heart that girl. Earlier on at a Chicago free festival David chucked his six string razor into crowd but forgot to take the lead out. It hit a copper on the back and it cost 50 bucks to see him alright.

I had my first taste of Dickinson's piss-taking prowess in a hotel bar in Beaumont, Texas. We were sharing some Anne Boleyn beer (ie very old and no head), and Bruce was sporting some rather tasteful shorts which nicely displayed his short fat hairy legs and red and white socks (No, he's not the other Charlton supporter - Steve Harris). He'd worn the same shorts in the same bar the



Dave & Steve with Rachel and her two friends

night before, but for some reason the jobsworth manager chose to decree them "offensive" this particular night and no amount of remonstrating could change his narrow mind. So, with true cool, Bruce took his leave only to materialise minutes later sporting a "Fuck" T-shirt with his offending lower limbs covered by a pair of tight jean legs cut off just under the bottoms of those self-same shorts.



Nobody said a dicky bird. Still high from his first taste of the States, Bruce would be the first one up on the tour bus in the mornings, sitting in the back lounge with *Deep Purple In Rock* blaring full blast from the speakers despite the low groans of hung-over slumberers elsewhere. For the first section of the US tour he looked exactly like a mutant vicar however, having done his neck in in Flint which meant he had to sport a movement-restricting surgical collar for a month. After the injury time passed in absolute agony with Bruce passing through the mitts of various US quacks who proffered a frightening range of downers (one even prescribed horse tranquillisers) to deaden the pain, while one who charged 150 bucks for a 20 minute consultation recommended surgery! The wonders of a private health system, eh kids? Eventually, and in even more agony, Bruce went to a chiro-practor (a non-surgical medic who deals with the problem, not the symptom!) who sorted everything out with the collar which cost about a pony. The one thing all the band agreed on was the strength of *The Beast* album. They'd given themselves six whole weeks to do it, rather than run the risk of working

under pressure again, but as it happened they only took three and a half weeks. "People interpreted *Killers* as a case of our writing drying up," said Harry, "but *Number* proves otherwise. The way I usually work is I spend a lot of time on me own working on melody lines and riffs and then I take 'em to the band in the studio. With the lyrics, the basic idea is pretty easy, though the title track took a bit more working on. I think it's important to have a story, not just words that rhyme."

As I noted earlier, the nightmare story line of 'Number Of The Beast' caused a lot of upset amongst religious nutters Stateside. The Moral Majority complained that Maiden stood for 'devil music', and the God Squad in Arkansas wanted the album to carry stickers warning of their evil satanic nature. "People have taken it all out of proportion," Steve chuckled, "they think its a concept album when it's obviously not. There's only two songs on that subject and they're obviously completely escapist."

What struck me most about chatting with Steve was that he just didn't seem to realise how big/important Maiden had become. Pete Way said to me something about "stars of Steve Harris's calibre" and Harry had taken it as a wind-up when in fact it was meant as a genuine compliment. The funniest thing was that now Maiden were bigger than most of the bands who inspired them. "It's weird," Steve admitted, "I still like all those bands and I'd still pay to go and see 'em, but it still feels strange to be able to meet 'em on equal terms as a musician rather than a fan. I think that's why kids relate to Maiden so much too and why we can relate to them – they think 'if they can do it, so can we'. It brings the dream that much closer home."

People were comparing Maiden to Purple ("I'm not sure," said Harry, "Martin Birch said 'Innocent Exile' had the same feel as 'Into The Fire' and he worked with 'em so he should know") and Steve Harris's irrepressible stage persona to Pete Way's. "I haven't tried to rip Pete off," Steve insisted, "but I can't think of any other bassist who performs like a bass player should. I've always thought bass players shouldn't just stand at the back of the stage. Playing bass doesn't have that effect on me – it makes me wanna jump about." It's like the Yosser missive you've got scratched on the album 'Give It Some Headbutts', I ventured. "That's exactly it," Steve agreed. "It's



gotta hit you hard and fast and have a lot of energy. Maiden's an attitude, innit? It's about aggression and 'aving a good time...' Which is just about the perfect description of Maiden's Reading performance...

Headlining the prestigious Reading Festival entailed Maiden making a round trip of some 12,000 miles (El Paso to London to LA) just for one gig! The flight there wasn't without incident. Poor Old Davey Lights found himself sitting next to Bruce and innocently asking if he had any sleeping tablets. Bruce gave him three of his horse tranquillisers and, mad fool, took three himself. Needless to say neither of them woke up properly for days! Bruce even bought a new house but when he came to he couldn't remember a thing about it! His manner of relaxing to soothe those Reading nerves wasn't without controversy either. Seems he'd picked up a passion for rockets in the States and brought 'em all back home with him. At the time, he and his girlfriend Jane lived in a flat over a marina in the Thames, and it was from here that Bruce decided it'd be a fine idea to launch a rocket without its fins. This he did, and the nobbled sky-scorcher went straight for a bloke steering his boat peacefully into the marina. Not too surprisingly the cracked couple got a letter in the next post rather rudely suggesting they "refrain from firework displays!"

The band played a couple of warm-up gigs before Reading, but come the big day Bruce admitted

that he was "petrified with fear". The on-stage sound didn't help any. At first all they could hear was the bass guitar, then that cut out completely so Harry panicked. Davey was playing with one ear stuck inside his guitar cabinets; H was wandering around looking bewildered. None of the band remember much about it at all... And yet amazingly none of this was apparent from the crowd's point of view. In *Kerrang*, Chris Welch noted that the vast majority of the fans greeted them "with rapturous joy. Bruce was leaping on and off amps with athletic grace, 'Number Of The Beast' came complete with horror clips on the video screen, and the show ended with a series of protracted encores, witnessing both the time-honoured 'yo yo yo' routine with the audience and the arrival on-stage of Blackfoot's Ricky Medlocke to jam with the chaps. They say you could hear the crowds roaring from Reading to Basingstoke."

Back Stateside, after the Scorpion dates, Maiden finished off on the East Coast and the Mid-West as special guests of Judas Priest, including a prestigious sell-out show at New York's Madison Square Gardens, which occurred three years to the very day from a date at the Hammersmith Swan where they first invited record company A&R men along. Something that puts into perspective just how much the band had achieved in such a short time.

After the US, Maiden set off for their first Australian tour, taking eight days off in Honolulu along the

way. (Eddie must have been rain-dancing when they got there cos it pissed down for six days solid). Everyone in the band took to Australia like a convict to his baccy rations, Steve citing it as the place in the world he'd enjoyed visiting most of all.

Maiden were the first big foreign band of the rock kind to play the land down under since Rainbow in '76, but they were received like conquering heroes and the *Beast* album went Top Ten, selling 80,000 copies in the process which, to put it in perspective was 27 times as many as *Killers* had sold there and going platinum. Then it was on to Japan for another sell out sojourn and yet another gold album, before a swift spot of Merrie England sanity. They arrived home on December 21st for three weeks of the rest and recuperation before '83 and a new blitz of recording and touring.

It was this Christmas that poor old Bruce and Jane made the fatal error of inviting the Smallwaller round for Christmas dinner. Not content with turning up late, Rod proceeded to put away the equivalent of three dinners, then pulled out a pack of cards and proceeded to fleece the guests playing Montana Red Dog before finally, as the last pennies flowed his way, getting up and saying "oh sorry, I've gotta go now, I've got an appointment" and leaving.

For the first time in over a year with Maiden, Bruce Dickinson was speechless...

THE BEAST ON THE ROAD

UNITED KINGDOM

FEBRUARY

25 DUNSTABLE
26 HUDDERSFIELD
27 WOLVERHAMPTON
28 HANLEY

MARCH

1 BRADFORD
3 LIVERPOOL
4 MANCHESTER
5 LEICESTER
6 BIRMINGHAM
8 PORTSMOUTH
9 OXFORD
10 DERBY
11 BRISTOL
12 BRACKNELL
14 GLASGOW
15 EDINBURGH
16 NEWCASTLE
17 SHEFFIELD
19 IPSWICH
20 HAMMERSMITH

AUGUST

25 CHIPPENHAM
26 POOLE
28 READING FESTIVAL

EUROPE

MARCH

22 RHEIMS
23 LILLE
24 PARIS
26 LYON
27 CLERMONT FERRAND
28 NICE
30 MONTPELLIER
31 TOULOUSE

APRIL

2 BARCELONA
3 MADRID
4 SAN SEBASTIAN
5 BERGERAC
6 LE MANS
7 BREST
8 POITERS
9 DIJON
10 GRENOBLE
12 WINTERTHUR
13 STRASBOURG
16 EVERY
17 ROUEN
18 BRUSSELS
20 HANNOVER
21 HAMBURG
22 HOCHUM
23 WURZBURG
24 NURNBURG

26 MUNICH
27 HEIDELBURG
28 OFFENBACH
29 STUTTGART
30 DUSSELDORF

MAY

1 AMSTERDAM
USA AND CANADA

MAY

11 FLINT
13 LANSING
14 DETROIT
15 KALAMAZOO
16 FT WAYNE
18 TOLEDO
20 CINCINNATI
22 CLEVELAND
23 INDIANAPOLIS
25 MERRILLVILLE
26 DAVENPORT
29 DES MOINES

JUNE

1 ATLANTA
2 NASHVILLE
4 BIRMINGHAM AL
5 HUNTSVILLE
7 KNOXVILLE
8 COLUMBAS
9 TALLAHASSEE
11 MEMPHIS
12 JACKSON
15 LITTLE ROCK
16 TULSA
18 SHREVEPORT
19 NORMAN
22 OTTAWA
23 TORONTO
24 KINGSTON
25 QUEBEC
26 MONTREAL
29 NEW YORK
30 LONG ISLAND

JULY

2 CHICAGO
3 BUFFALO
4 EAST TROY
6 DANVILLE
7 CEDOR RAPIDS
9 ST LOUIS
10 KANSAS CITY
11 DES MOINES
14 SALT LAKE
16 SEATTLE
17 ANAHEIM
20 VICTORIA
21 VANCOUVER
23 EDMONTON
24 CALGARY
26 REGINA
27 WINNIPEG
28 FARGO
30 MINNEAPOLIS
31 SPRINGFIELD

AUGUST

1 INDIANAPOLIS
3 CLEVELAND
4 COLUMBUS
6 LOUISVILLE
7 TOLEDO
8 MEMPHIS
10 BEAUMONT
11 CORPUS CHRISTI
13 HOUSTON
14 DALLAS
16 SAN ANTONIO
17 ODESSA
18 EL PASO

SEPTEMBER

1 LONG BEACH
3 SACRAMENTO
4 OAKLAND
5 RENO
7 BOISE
9 WASHINGTON
11 PORTLAND
12 PORTLAND
14 ST LOUIS
15 KANSAS CITY
16 LINCOLN
17 MINNEAPOLIS
19 ROCKFORD
21 CHICAGO
22 CLEVELAND
23 DAYTON
25 DETROIT
26 KALAMAZOO
28 HUNTINGTON
29 COLUMBUS

OCTOBER

1 WORCHESTER
2 NEW YORK
3 HARRISBURG
6 PORTLAND
7 PROVIDENCE
8 GLENS FALLS
9 NEW HAVEN
11 BINGHAMPTON
12 PHILADELPHIA
13 PITTSBURGH
15 BUFFALO
16 SYRACUSE
18 LANDOVER
19 BALTIMORE
20 SALISBURY
21 NORFOLK
22 NEW JERSEY
23 NEW YORK

NOVEMBER

7 SYDNEY
8 SYDNEY
9 NEWCASTLE
12 ADELAIDE
13 MELBOURNE
14 MELBOURNE
16 BRISBANE
19 CANBERRA
20 SYDNEY
21 SYDNEY

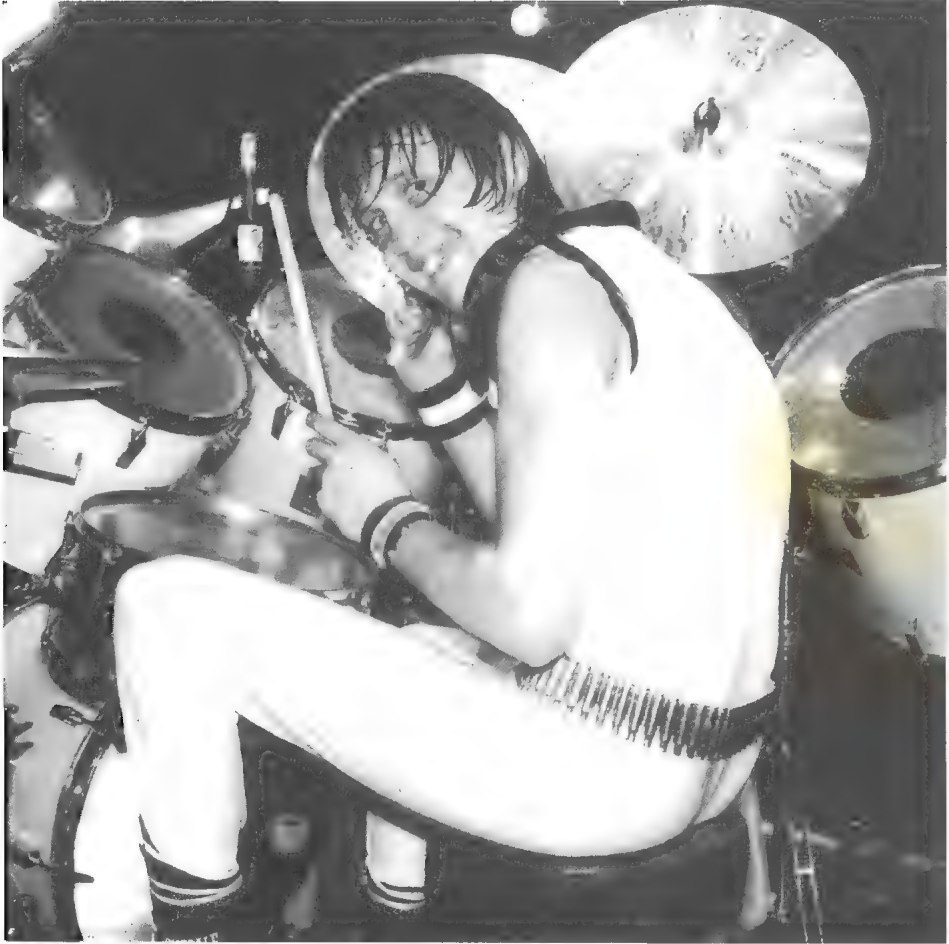
JAPAN

NOVEMBER
26 TOKYO
27 TOKYO
29 OSAKA
30 KYOTO

DECEMBER

1 NAGOYA
2 TOKYO
4 TOKYO
7 SAPPORO
8 SAPPORO
10 NIGGATA





Chapter Six
Piece In Our Time, A Mission From Harry



1983 kicked off with a shock announcement – another, in fact the last line-up change. Despite just getting voted third best drummer in the world in a *Kerrang* poll, Clive Burr, the band's beat keeper for three years, had quit just after Christmas. Clive said he was leaving "for personal reasons" and that he intended to quit the music biz for good (although in '84 he was back on the small club circuit with Clive Burr's Escape, now called Stratus after a brief period as Tygon). The split was amicable, and Clive got a special thanks and "good luck mate" on the *Piece Of Mind* LP sleeve. Finding a replacement for the bludgeoning Burr wasn't easy, but one candidate who seemed a favourite choice with all the Maiden men was a certain Michael 'Nicko' McBrain, an extremely likeable Londoner who'd bashed out the rhythms with SAS-toughness for Maiden's Trusty old French mates on the 'Killers' tour. Luckily for everyone concerned, Nicko had got pissed off with Trust's musical direction (not to mention the aggro of commuting to Pareae everytime they had a rehearsal) and had quit the band towards the end of '82 – just in time to hear the call from the Maiden camp.

Despite hailing from the wilds of North London, Nicko was/is a real

laugh-a-minute looney who first bashed out a beat with a couple of kitchen knives at the humble age of ten, chipping the enamel off his old mum's cooker in the process. After this, he got the real thing – a biscuit tin. And he was still only 12 when his dad bought him his first ever drum kit. Inevitably school and local bands followed, fleshed out with session work as he got older, before McBrain joined his first name band Streetwalker at the age of 20. It was Streetwalker's Billy Day who mispronounced his name during the course of a pissed introduction to a record company bigwig and the 'Nicko' moniker has stuck ever since. Pat Travers got the benefit of his rhythm method between Streetwalker and Trust and the rest is histoire . . .

For seclusion and tranquility, and nothing to do with income tax at all, honest, the new line-up retired to Jersey in the Channel Islands to write and arrange their fourth album *Piece Of Mind* on January 3, 1983. They took over a hotel called Le Chalet for five whole weeks, loading their gear into the ballroom, and commandeering a bar which they had restocked every day at duty free prices. They then immediately hired a Space Invaders machine, a dartboard, a pool table, a table tennis table (on which Rod claims to have thrashed Harry regularly) (lying sod, says Harry), video games and all the other things that make life tolerable. "It's a wonder we got the album written at all," Harry laughs, "but we couldn't go out much 'cos we were right on the coast miles from anywhere, and we didn't wanna



Nicko joins in the band – the first photosession in Jersey



freeze our nuts off, now did we?" I should cocoa. Needless to say the video shop and any local bars within walking distance experienced a very healthy trade boom...

It's worth mentioning that when Maiden did an album, before they go in the studios to record, they've done all the writing and arranging upfront. There's no last minute words scribbled on fag packets with these boys. Steve tends to write on his own in his room fairly quietly, whereas Bruce and H write in the rehearsal rooms, amps loud, as Steve says "destroying walls, ceilings, neighbours and so on. Actually we were lucky as there weren't any neighbours nearby – at least there weren't when we left anyway!" And Davey, well he only writes one song every three years anyway – Martin Birch came down for the last ten days to get to know the material – and then when they did finally hit the studios it became a real team effort. Derek Riggs also came down for a while to start work on the sleeve art – Rod and Steve had come up with the idea of lobotomising Eddie in Honolulu, which is as good a place to get ideas as anywhere, I suppose.

From Jersey, the band went off to record abroad for the first time at Compass Point studios in Nassau, which all you globe-trotting geographers will know is otherwise known as getting Bahamas-handed. When you weigh up the pros and cons, this is probably a slightly better bet than wet old Willesden. The recording drink was apple schnapps, if only because it was doled out free, gratis and for nothing by a couple of gents called Donny and Robin who ran the band's new local, The Waterloo. "And it was like a bloody battlefield when we'd finished in there," grinned Harry. "The only thing was they wouldn't take no for an answer. We'd go in as 6 or 7 people and came back as 12 or 14. The alter-egos really came into their own. I was Melvin of course, and Dave was Nobby as usual, but Nicko emerged as Boomer because he used to do really foul farts all the time. I was Selwyn, and Bruce became Conan The Librarian! Martin Birch became Marvin. On the night of his birthday we found him sparked out on the lawn outside the Waterloo. We woke him up and he wandered off. After a 15 minute search we eventually found him again preaching the meaning of life to three palm trees!" Well at least that was healthier than the next time he got pissed, when he

decided to take on Bruce in a 'friendly' ruck, Bruce armed with his deadly rapier, Birch equipped with his karate black belt skills. Natch, both woke up the next day absolutely smothered in scars and bruises...

The only work problem they found here – yeah, they were here to work remember – was that everytime it rained all the power cut out everywhere, including the studio. Of course, Compass Point Studios had its own back-up generator, but everytime this came into operation, the resulting power surge would have wiped any tape on the deck clean. Luckily, none of *Piece Of Mind* was ever left in this precarious situation (and no, 'twasn't me you heard moaning 'shame that 'Icarus' wasn't wiped!). Bruce found a different problem, a real stinker this one. Seems he couldn't get his toilet to flush, and assuming it was a good old British ballcock affair proceeded to pour half a bucket of water down it, which, because it was actually a flash yank electro-flusher, meant he flooded his room out with sewage. Almost certainly he'd been on the baked beans beforehand. Rod carried a crate of them out to Nassau, 48 tins at a cost of £120, only to have the band discover that the first supermarket they walked into had the real thing in stock... In Rod's immortal words: "Oh bloody 'ell!"

Another problem in Nassau was getting hold of ready cash. The band were down to their last fifty bucks at one time because none of their credit cards were deemed acceptable and it took forever to cable money over from Blighty. So with next to no dough, they decided to hang their fate in the hands of Rod's gambling skills. Every night he went down the Casino with fifty bucks and walked out with 300 – six nights in a row, which helped the rounds keep coming. Not too surprisingly Rod's legendary tightness soon came to the fore. One night when he was 250 bucks up, the Yorkshire man was overcome with emotion and hurled the croupier a chip tip, thinking it was worth five dollars. When he reached the cashier's office and discovered he'd actually left twenty-five bucks, he rushed back into the casino and had it back! "And after he cashed it up," grins Steve, "we had to force him to go back in and leave the five dollars he'd intended to leave in the first place." Oh bloody 'ell again! At this point I'm forced to tell you something. In the course of the

arduous hours of research for this miesterwerk, I was forever trying to find funny stories to give it colour. Imagine my surprise when the only person every single person I talked to had a tale about was Rodney! And so despite Rod's insistence of "oh no, none of that, this is a book about the band not me," I'm afraid I'm forced to give in to the weight of band democracy and print these startling revelations...

One night at the Travellers Rest, the bands local boozier in Nassau, Rod proceeded to drink eighteen banana daquiries, topped off by a hamburger. He then staggered into the bogs and threw up and wandered out again beaming and said "Right who wants to go and get pissed." When it was pointed out to him that perhaps he'd had enough. Rod replied, "Don't be silly, that was just the hamburger. I can't give up now – I'm a Yorkshireman!" He then went on to win 2 grand at the casino!

In a drunken state he also claimed that "as a kid I was immensely strong. I used to be able to pick up three Irish navvies on a shovel. I wanted to learn martial arts but decided not to cos I'd kill everyone."

It has also been said that Rod has disgustingly smelly feet. Seems on one occasion Nicko slipped odour eaters inside his cowboy boots. "And he never threw 'em away," Bruce informed me, "which must prove something. In the end I think they walked out on Rod!"



But enough of this manager-bashing, for now at least. Back in Nassau, Derek Riggs had come out to paint the new LP cover, which turned out to be the most elaborate one to date. "The cover showed the lobotomised (but untamed) Ed straining to bust out of his straight-jacket while chained up inside a padded cell. The sleeve opened into a gate-fold, with the lyrics and a charming snap of the band at a banquet table about to tuck into a freshly plucked brim (raw, with salad) inside. Natch they were all on vino except for Harry who was religiously clutching his light ale bottle. And on the back there was another one of those devilish quotations – or so the religious nutters assumed. In fact Bruce hit on the idea from the *Omen* trilogy again (*Omen 3* this time) where this particular Revelations quote is featured. But on the back sleeve, the 'pain' of the Biblical script has been punningly replaced by 'BRAIN', thus making the whole thing piss-taking nonsense because it reads: 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death. Neither sorrow nor crying. Neither shall there be any more Brain . . . The band thought the Conservative middle American bigots who'd condemned them as 'devil worshippers' were so ridiculous that they deserved a wind-up, and were tickled pink when the arseholes started going on about 'another Maiden Revelations quote' without bothering to actually read the thing properly (only *The Huddersfield Examiner* reviewer noticed it!) To pile-on the piss-take, Maiden also decided to put a backwards message on the album (in between 'The Trooper' and 'Still Life' on side two) hoping that the jerks would waste their time reversing it to find out what it said. If they did, the sinister meaning they would have uncovered was Nicko saying in his best Rasta patois "What ho sed de t'ing wid de t'ree bonce," ie "What ho said the monster with the three heads" from Idi Amin's book, and then "Don't meddle wid t'ings you don't understand."

But before the album came out in May, the band released a single 'taster' from it which actually stirred up a lot of doubts about the coming LP. The single was 'Flight Of Icarus' and my integrity forces me to say I thought it was as weak as Clark Kent laden with Kryptonite. Plodding rather than powerful, it seemed universally unpopular with hardcore British metallurgists whose worst

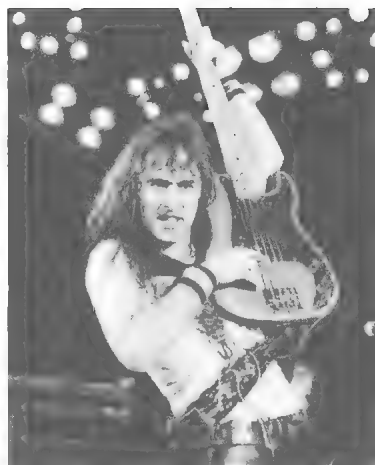
fears were bolstered by the number's release as the first American single. "A lot of people advised us to do that," Steve says, "and for the first time we weren't really sure. So we said 'fuck it, let's put it out' but it didn't really happen out there, which proved the point to us not to take notice of other people. Before we'd always steered clear of what other people told us and followed our own instincts, which is why we haven't made that many mistakes. Releasing 'Icarus' in the States was a mistake, but I suppose we're allowed one, and we've learnt from it. I think you can safely say we won't do it again. I don't think there's anything wrong with 'Icarus' as a song, though I do wish we'd had time to break it in live before we recorded it, it's a lot more powerful live, a lot faster and heavier." Released on April 11, 'Icarus' was the band's first British single for over a year. It came with a studio version of their old encore favourite 'I've Got The Fire' on the flip, and reached no. 11 in the charts. Despite the songs relatively commercial feel, once again it got no airplay. Maybe because of fears that the band were 'softening up', the album entered the UK charts at no. 3 instead of no. 1, after it was released on May 16.

Thankfully the fears were proved completely wrong by the power of the platter which went on to out-strip even *Number Of The Beast* in terms of world-wide sales. Boasting a sound quality even better than *Beast*, *Piece Of Mind* kicked off with the rattling attack of 'Where Eagles Dare', a real vintage Maiden romp replete with Boys Own style lyrics and an instrumental section deliberately designed to bring a machine gun to mind. Amazingly, the number was done in just two takes. Bruce's 'Revelation' came next, with hints of Tull and/or a heavier Wishbone Ash and a dash of G.K. Chesterton at the start. The plod of 'Icarus' followed before the mighty side one closer 'Die With Your Boots On'. A collaboration between Bruce, H, and Harry, it's arguably the finest track here smashing home like an out of control juggernaut with a beefy boots and braces chorus and a fine vocal performance by the Dickinson.

"The Trooper", which begins side two, is another classic romp. It made for a much finer single than 'Icarus', again making the British Top 20, where it appeared with a version of Tull's 'Cross Eyed Mary' on the flip.

The video was a peach, complete with a vicious cavalry charge which the BBC wouldn't play un-edited (even though the film it was lifted from, 'Die With Your Boots On' was ironically screened at 7pm one evening when the band had been told their video was 'too bloodthirsty for young people'). "Anyone would think we'd killed the horses ourselves instead of using an old Errol Flynn movie," moaned Rod, not unreasonably you might feel. Still, 'The Trooper' featured a fine guitar motif, and leary lyrics caped in the historical – this time the Crimean war with the Ruskies. 'Still Life', that follows, is a cantering stomper that tells the story of a bloke who's drawn like a magnet to a pool of water, sees his face in the lake, has nightmares about it, and in the end jumps in and takes his unfortunate girlfriend with him. 'Quest For Fire', inspired by the movie of the same name, is a trifle less convincing than some of the other epics, although the vision it conjures up of dinosaurs and Raquel Welch wobbling about is pretty agreeable. Bruce and H's 'Sun And Steel' is another first class stormer however, bowling along with throttling guitar and a mightily contagious singalong chorus. It's about a bloke who builds himself up to the peak of physical fitness and wants to kill himself hari kiri style. And that leaves the album to finish with the album's piece de resistance. 'To Tame A Land! After some foreplay of the belly dancing kind, it soon surrenders to a riff more vicious than a Kray Twins beano and lyrics comprehensible only to fans of Frank Herbert's novel *Dune*. And therein lies a tale too. Originally the song was called 'Dune' and Steve wanted to use a spoken quotation from the book as the intro. Out of courtesy they applied to Herbert's agent for permission, and back the word came from Frankie boy – no way, José, because "Frank Herbert doesn't like Rock bands, particularly heavy rock bands, and especially bands like Iron Maiden." "It's a shame he wouldn't even consider listening to the track or reading the lyrics," observed Rod. "He just assumed that because we were a rock band we must be a load of morons, which to say the least is a pretty narrow-minded attitude." It'd be fair to say that the British critics, myself included, weren't as universally in favour of *Piece* as they had been with *Beast*, although the fans disagreed, voting it Number One Metal LP of all time in *Kerrang!*,





with *Number Of The Beast* at No 2. I personally noted 'Icarus' and 'Revelations' as softening up danger signs, although I'm pleased to say that 'Powerslave' totally allays all these fears. The band disagreed however. "I think it's a better album," says Harry. "I think every album we've done has been better than the one before, which is really all you can hope for."

The 'World Piece 83' tour kicked off at Hull City hall on 2 May, finishing with four sell-out nights at Hammersmith Odeon at the end of the month. 'Where Eagles Dare' was the new set opener, putting 'Ides Of March' out to grass after a prestigious length of service. The old faithful 'Wrathchild' still had a place though, and that was chased by 'Revelations' the natural 'slow 'n' moody' successor to 'Children Of The Damned' which featured Brucey strapping on a Les Paul for the intro. The tough and tasty 'Trooper' upped the excitement next, followed by the 'Icarus' adventure, taken faster live than on vinyl and all the better for it. The epic 'To Tame A Land' meandered

mightily after that, chased by the impressive cross fire of 'Still Life', 'Number Of The Beast', 'Die With Your Boots On' and the set-closing trilogy of terror – 'Phantom Of The Opera', 'Hallowed Be Thy Name' (complete with some stunning visuals from Dave Lights) and 'Iron Maiden' where a massive pulsating brain descended over Nicko's nut. 'Run To The Hills' was the first encore, followed by 'Sanctuary' and 'Drifter' (the 'Yo Yo Yo' bit now officially classed as the 'Maiden National Anthem' by the fan club) and there was still time for 'Prowler' featuring an Eddie looking even taller and nastier than ever because of his lobotomy. The set now clocked in at over two hours!

Dates in Scandinavia and Benelux followed Blighty. In Copenhagen with time on their hands, the boys ran into Rainbow, so naturally there was nothing else for it but to arrange a soccer match. The game was played on the outskirts of the city on 6 June. Nicko was in goal, Steve was centre forward, H and Dave covered mid-field with Bruce in defence and the team fleshed out with roadies

and legendary tour promoter Eric 'ET' Thompson. The only thing they were short of was a ref, which might account for the rather high scores notched up. Band Brooking Harry scored Maiden's first three goals, inspiring their attacking team into a furious flurry of activity that left Maiden 3-0 up by twenty minutes into the game. Ritchie's Wanderers had pulled up to 3-1 by the end of the first half, and after what must have been a pretty uncompromising pep talk from the Man In Black, the Rainbow team had made it level pegging within about ten minutes of the second half. Inspired into action, Davey Murray scored a blinding goal, but then, ten minutes from the end Rainbow equalised again. With gritted teeth, the Maiden squad charged 'Trooper'-style into the affray and with just four minutes on the clock, spotlight operator Mark Berryman scored the winning goal. I should note that Ritchie B alleges there's some debate as to whether he was off-side or not, but as this is a Maiden book I won't comment.

That same month the band embarked on yet another North





American gamble – their first ever full headline tour of the USA and Canada. Even more daring, they missed out the concert halls and went straight for the stadiums, and when you consider that *Beast* had picked up zilch airplay, this really was taking chances. Again the gamble paid off, not only in terms of selling out concerts, but also in record sales. *Piece Of Mind* was Maiden's biggest ever US release by a long chalk. It entered the *Billboard* chart on 2 June with a bullet at number 127, and leaped an incredible ninety-two chart positions to no. 35 with a bullet. By its eighth week of release it had reached no. 15 where it stayed for five weeks, and three months into the tour, it made 14. It went gold after ten weeks, stayed in the charts for an incredible 43 weeks, and even got *The Beast* back into the charts and also going gold, getting as high as 79 on its second lease of life. Finally, Maiden were making massive in-roads in America. To celebrate, Rod grew a beard in the manner of his hero the miser-like Sheriff of Nottingham and started



looking very swashbuckling indeed. For the tour, the band had their own lights and their own PA, so they were totally self-sufficient on the road. Although to start with for the bigger gigs they didn't have quite enough PA. Bruce recalls "At Long Beach Rod came backstage moaning 'It wasn't bloody loud enough!' So we roasted a few balls and hired an extra 30,000 watts, and after that there were no problems." They started with Saxon as Special Guests and Fastway supporting, and the first major gig was at Seattle on June 28 which attracted 12,000 punters. Long Beach was a sell-out at 14,000, and Eastern Texas was particularly astounding with San Antonio sold out at 15,000 cowboys. The Eddie shirt here was basically the Trooper single sleeve design transplanted to the Alamo, with a Texican flag replacing the good old Union Jack. After Louisville Saxon left, Fastway moved up to the Special Guest spot, and Coney Hatch became the new opening act. For the trad end of tour support mayhem, Saxon came on stage at Louisville dressed up in women's



clothes as 'Charlottes' trying to kiss everybody during '22 Acacia Avenue'. Biff Byford made the unfortunate mistake of trying to leap on Bruce's back in the process. Bruce responded with a reflex action shoulder throw which saw Biff flying through the air and landing in the audience, legs akimbo, skirt in a very unlady-like position, and a few choice Yorkshire phrases escaping from his lipsticked kisser . . .

Up in Canada the tour ran into an unusual problem when the band headlined the Kingswood Music Theatre in Toronto, an open air gig in the middle of a huge fairground. Rod was in his hotel room the night before the show and was outraged to hear a radio announcement that said because there was an Italian wine-tasting festival in the park, Iron Maiden fans had to go through the back door and miss out on the chance to use the fun fair beforehand (a benefit which is normally included in the ticket price). Fuming that their fans were being treated as second class citizens for it turned out that



The team that beat Rainbow – L to R: (standing) Dave, E.T., Nicko, Roger, Chris. (Seated): Bruce, Mark, Steve, H.

Culture Club fans the day before had been allowed to go through the front despite the wine festival being on then too – Rod got his record company guy out of bed and by 3am they'd tracked down the promoter, who was told in no uncertain terms that if Maiden fans had to go through the back door, the band weren't going to play. Natch, the promoter hastily changed his tune, and needless to say on the day there was absolutely no trouble, plus no-one at all turned out for the Italian Wine-Tasting Fest so if it hadn't been for those thirsty Maidenites, that would have been a complete disaster too. It had all been a lot more riotous when Steve and H flew down to Mexico City in July to lay the groundwork for a tour there in '84. Chaos worthy of the 4-Skins broke out when 5,000 fans went mental, tearing the managing director of the record company's jam-jar apart. Bet them gigs'll be something else!!

On September 30, the band reached Chicago where they picked up Quiet Riot as 'Special Guests' – a show I caught in New York and can guarantee was one of the heaviest double acts known to man this side of the Big Daddy and Giant Haystacks tag team. The New York show followed a 15,000 sell-out at Baltimore, and with their usual sense of reckless adventure Maiden went for Madison Square Gardens. This was even more of a gamble when you consider that New York City Radio had never ever played Maiden. And yet the gig had sold out 18,000 seats in less than a week. Needless to say on stage Bruce let vent his feelings about New York radio "Basically," Rod says, "this proved that the media can't stop you – it can only slow you down. And it

also showed the underlying strength of heavy rock music." The Garden T-shirt was another beauty, incidentally, with a lobotomised Statue Of Liberty on the front with the Trooper design looming in the background, and a lobotomised Madison Square Gardens on the back, with the brain peaking out from the Gardens top.

It was in the North East, at Allentown, Pennsylvania that another piece of Maiden mythology was made. Seems that during the beginning of Nicko's drum solo, Steve's bass went, so he told a roadie to go and tell Nicko to try and extend his solo. The poor bloke wasn't his drum roadie and didn't really know how to go about telling him, so he ended up waving his arms like a demented windmill and trying to yell over the noise. All that happened was Nicko missed the message but got distracted enough to mess up his solo. Fuming post-gig he laid into the poor bloke, giving him a proper dose of GBH on the ear-holes, whereupon Steve said "Ere, 'old up, don't 'ave a got at him, it was my fault" and the two of them started having another almighty bull and cow as to whether or not Steve had been right to send the bloke and mess up Nicko's virtuoso bash-out. Bruce, H, and Murray was in the next room, and, says Bruce: "You wouldn't believe the ridiculous things they were coming out of with. We were in this caravan and the thing was rocking. All you could hear was Nicko saying things like 'I didn't know 'e was on a mission from 'Arry' and things that would have made Derek and Clive blush." After about half an hour the argument seemed to be calming down and getting more rational. "So," says Steve, "Bruce,

bastard that 'e is, walked in and started stirring it all up again. Little did we know he was taping the whole thing on his Walkman." So on and on the argument raged until Steve spotted the Walkman and said "Ere, some cunt's recording this." Whereupon Nicko went to jump on the Walkman and smash it. But as it happened, it was all being taped on the other side of a cassette that had all Bruce's lyrics and ideas for 'Powerslave' on it, so as Nicko raised his boot to stomp on it, Bruce rushed at him and walloped him, sending the unfortunate beat keeper flying. Needless to say, this, Maiden's very own answer to the Troggs tapes, will be appearing as an additional track on a soon-come 12" single. After the North East, the tour trekked on to Florida. It was the first time Maiden had played the sunshine state, but they still sold-out both their gigs. Atlanta, Georgia was the official end of tour, cue the usual raging knees-up, but because during the tour Bruce had contracted bacterial bronchitis and the band had to pull three gigs, they had to go back and play Lincoln, Kansas and St Louis after Atlanta, so the tour actually finished on 25 October at St Louis which was an excuse for . . . you know what's coming don't you . . . yet another spirited party session. By that time *Piece Of Mind* had sold over 800,000 copies in the States and was well on its way to the platinum status it finally attained. No rest for the wicked, after a short break they were back on the road over in Europe again, taking in France, Spain, Germany and Italy, and again clocking up record sales. Michael Schenker was supporting, and Maiden became good mates with Chris Glenn, exploring the night life



Soundcheck – Madison Square Gardens



Triumph at Madison Square Gardens



The mighty Irons squad for the Big Match in Dortmund. (L to R): Horace, Bruce, Dave, Loopey, Rod, Geoff, Steve. (Front): Dave Lights, H, Roger, Mark + Titch

of every major city together (it's a wonder their livers still function at all). After a night on the tiles in Brussels, Glenn got back so late the MSG bus went without him and it cost him 300 quid to get to the next gig which unluckily for him was in France!

The final gigs of the year were in Deutschland on the 17 and 18th of December at the Westfalenhalle in Dortmund, where German TV's *Rock Pop* programme was filming a festival that promised to be The Greatest Heavy Metal Show On Earth, Iron Maiden were the official headliners with such giants of the genre as Ozzy, Priest, the Scorpions, Def Leppard, Quiet Riot, MSG and Krokus backing them up. Mighty fine Maiden were too, going so far as to actually kill off Eddie on stage on the last night (little did we suspect then that the old bastard would be resurrected as an Egyptian God the following summer!). It was a superb climax to a year of unnaturally hard work, and the way the boys put the boot into poor old Ed was reminiscent of their old pals the Cockney Rejects at their best/worst. But to be honest with you, the gigs weren't the most important thing on the band's mind. That dubious honour fell to, you guessed it, a soccer match the preceeding Friday. It was no ordinary football game either, certainly not a friendly by any stretch of the imagination. No, this was a spectacular showdown between Maiden, the metal monarchs, and their rivals for NWOBHM hegemony, Def Leppard, the hard rock heroes. As irresistible forces meeting unmovable objects go, this was set to be as awesome as Cassius Clay punching it out with Henry Cooper, and both teams (who both reckoned their squad to be

rock's finest) were taking it all extremely seriously. Why, rampant Warren Poppe revealed, as we motored from Dusseldorf Flughafen, both teams had been in training for days, probably weeks, possibly months. Even Phil Collen had gone a kip the previous night without living after midnight. And alone! And the teams supposedly composed of band members and roadies, seemed strangely swelled by unfamiliar faces. Leppard had recruited Kraut promoter and Whitesnake manager Ozzy Oppitt in midfield, while Maiden keeper, affable Jeff Lovell, was introduced as "our accountant" when in fact he's an old school mate of Bomber Harris who runs a newsagents in Hackney! You think I'm kidding about how seriously both teams were taking it? One Maiden roadie whose missus was on the brink of labour pains, jetted over just for the match and flew out again as the full-time whistle blew! There was even talk of cash-in-hand goal bonuses, and managers Smallwood The Scrooge (Maiden) and Mensch The Martian (Leppard) were negotiating a side bet of a thousand bucks on the result (though as it happened the ever-stingy Smallwallet – if dandruff had a going rate he'd scalp you – failed to finalise the wager, just in case . . .) I was surprised they didn't fly John Lyall and Jack Charlton in as advisers.

When I got to the pitch all the usual grins were replaced by a general grim intensity. Only Nicko was his usual self, unleashing a "Wotcha Dread, 'kin hell, taters innit," but then, like Leppard's injured (well cold-ridden) full back Steamin' Donut Clarke, he wasn't actually playing. Bruce Dickinson for his part merely scowled and

muttered "Leppard reckon the bleedin' pitch is too hard – I hope they're not trying to get out of it." Nein chance. In fact it was the grouchy groundsman who scuppered the plans by refusing to let us Brits use his pitch. So we all loaded onto tour buses and sped off to a neighbouring Terry Venables approved astro-turf pitch. This time the game was threatened by an acute shortage of goal posts. Match Steve Harris spurned light-hearted suggestions of turning it into a friendly and using pullovers as posts. "Nah" he decided, "if we're gonna do it, we've gotta do it proper." Eventually posts were located and erected and a tense silence filled the air disturbed only by Nicko's piss taking and the sound of brass monkeys singing falsetto. Talk about Scott of the Antarctic, John. It was about three degrees under, and I ain't talking dusky damsels. One goal area was actually covered in ice! Personally I felt this was taking dedication too far. And I'm sure Smallwallet will agree when he gets the bill for my frost-bite treatment. Back at the game, the ref impartially sporting a Maiden tour jacket, blew his whistle and the battle commenced. Well Brian, it was like this . . . The opening minutes were tense and mainly midfield save for a near miss from ace Maiden striker Steve Harris. Elliott and Sav made one bold foray towards Maiden's penalty area but, that aside, Maiden were doing most of the attacking much to the disgust of sub Mensch who was hollering unheard instructions like Cloughie on dexedrine. Equally colourful was the abuse of Nicko who unleashed such pleasantries as "Damn your blows and scurvy!" "Where's the linesman, he's 'kin blind!", and others

so negative you'd have thought he was sponsored by Kodak. On the pitch it was the crunching body-check tackles of rugger men Dickinson and the swash-buckling fullback Smallwood that intrigued me most - well, them and Rod's knee-length shorts on loan from the British Museum and previously modelled by Sammy Bartram! Bruce actually managed to pass to his own team one time out of three! Maiden's early dominance was belied after lofty Leppard full-back Kev Riddles (ex Angel Witch) put a Harris belter over the cross bar, and a Leppard attack, which developed from the ensuing corner kerfuffle, climaxed with a ninth minute curler from Rick 'Sav' Savage, putting Leppard into an early lead. "That's the last one yer getting!" bellowed Nicko, adding, "Oi, get that bleedin' manager off the pitch" as Mensch's Martian blood boiled over and he performed a strange war dance in the Leppard penalty area replete with a bellowed alien litany. His jubilation didn't last long. Maiden's midnight black midfield wizard and monitor man Horace Ward crossed a beaut to Harris who dribbled to 30 yards out and scored a blinder, equalising after just two minutes. The rest of the first half progressed with equal determination from both teams, but with Maiden making most of the running. Good as Joe Elliott and Sav are, two forwards do not a team make and for some reason Leppard's squad just weren't gelling, whereas Maiden, gaining powerful inspiration from Lovell's Shilton like saves, seemed altogether more of a unit. Phil Wilkey, from whom Leppard took their 'Wilkey's Raiders' team name, had a particularly poor first half, making a couple of passes that Albert Tatlock would have been proud of.

Five minutes before half-time, Lep full back Rick Allen limped off with a twisted ankle letting Mensch on to buzz about like a bee trapped in a bottle. Strangely no one was inspired by this performance and it was 1-1 when the whistle went. Course, there was no namby pamby rest period, they simply switched ends and steamed in again. After seven savage minutes Harry had lobbed the ball over Lep goalie Ross Major's noggin, making it 2-1. But two minutes later a determined attack by Leppard left a loose ball in the Maiden penalty area which Elliott tucked away neatly - helped only by the fact that the off-side rule was obviously not being played today! Disaster soon struck Leppard however, with Major breaking his

finger in a goal mouth clash, and sub goalie Cocksie injured three minutes later. I'm not saying the bloke who replaced him was bad but if he stepped in front of a bus it'd go through his legs. Natch Maiden took full advantage of this situation. Harry really came into his own this half emerging as rock 'n' roll's answer to George Best on the wagon (or even Derek Hales with a shave) with a fine display of two footed skill imagination, guts and lethal finishing power. Dave Murray, stopping a clearance with his manly chest, gave it to Harry who put in a nifty 62nd minute goal, and then, despite a brave run and post shot from Elliott, it was Maiden all the way in a '66 World Cup style finish with a final score of Maiden 4, Leppard 2, Harry getting his fourth goal with a neat header minutes from the end from a Dave Lights cross.

Yeah, like Rod Stewart, who jacked his Brentwood apprenticeship in for music, Harry has definitely kept his hand in at the sport, still occasionally keeping the goals coming for Melbourne Sports FC in the Ilford and District League whenever he gets the chance. He's been playing with 'em since he was 13, as well as for a Sunday team called Beaumont Youth round in Capworth Street, in Leyton, which is where West Ham scout Wally Sinclair first spotted his prowess. The only game he remembers playing for West Ham Youth was against the mighty Charlton Valiants and ended in a 1-1 draw. He'd trained at their Chadwell Heath ground for nine months, but didn't get on with the snobbier boys from the posher local schools who'd also made the squad, and the influence of birds and bands meant he couldn't be happy devoting himself 100 per cent to football. So he packed in his first semi-realised dream at 15, and pursued his next one even more successfully.

Back in Deutschland, Joe Elliott moaned briefly about wearing the wrong shoes, but the Leppard team took defeat graciously, and within minutes he and Harry had agreed to take on Chesterfield Reserves with a joint team in the new year, and were united in vicious sniping against the finest team in London. "Well at least we had a better turn-out than Charlton," snorted Joe, referring to Sid & Doris Mensch. "We both had a better team than Charlton too," claimed Harry savagely. Bah. The only unhappy sounds were coming from the ashen faced Smallwood regretting

not laying his bet. "Oh bloody ell" he moaned, scratching his embryonic bald patch, "I really fancy a beer. Who's buying?" After a warming Mahatma Ghandi and a peculiar Hun Ruby Murray, "We converged en masse on the Novotel Hotel bar where the match was relived a thousand times, the heroics embroidered, the mistakes explained. Joe Elliott even started drawing diagrams to explain why his goal wasn't off-side and after several hours cruisin' and boozin' exposed himself as a profound comment on the writings of *Sounds* man Dave Roberts. But Joe's alcoholic antics were easily upstaged by Mr. Bruce Dickinson's two nights later. The Dortmund gigs marked the climax of Maiden's 180 gigs strong 1983 World Piece tour. Put more graphically that makes over 3,680 hours on stage! So of course no one can blame the Conan Clone crooner for getting more legless than Long John Silver. I'd even turn a blind eye to his unusual urinations and frequent unsavoury flashes but when he tried to kill me and his girlfriend Jane on the autobahn... Warren The Rampant was whisking us back to the Novotel when Bruce, enough alcohol coursing through his veins to stock a smallish off licence, decided he didn't like the gear he was driving in, and changed us into reverse! Everytime we got going, Bruce would change gear. That is when he wasn't flinging his door open to try to smash the windscreen! How we didn't die that night is anyone's guess. Back at the Novotel he began a talk on the striking similarities between rock 'n' roll and army life-styles (y'know, the discipline, early morning calls, short hair...) and the economic validity of airships before disappearing for a series of outrageous, and unprintable stunts. Not surprisingly he ended up injuring a groin muscle. It wasn't his. Suffice to say the Krokus vocalist is now a soprano.

What an end to their best-selling year to date that would have been too, except it wasn't to end there. Just days later, on 29 December, Harry married his long-time girlfriend Lorraine - and a right corker of a Cockney splicing it was too, with Steve hiring The Brewery up Chiswell Street for a private party of gargantuan proportions for his family and friends. There was side-shows of darts and rifle ranges, clowns, and musicians on skates, a Circus giant, a singing human juke box, good old London grub, cabaret performers, a disco, and most of the

faces who've appeared in our story from Neal Kay to Ross Halfin, all of the Maiden family, Joe and Phil from the Lepps, and Pete Way put in an appearance. Only dead Eddie was sadly missed, and Bruce, well, he had some strange tales of his own. Seems against all the evidence of experience, he and Jane let Rod into their house again on Christmas. Even, whereupon the miserly manager proceeded to quaff about two hundred quids worth of booze that they'd stocked up with to last till the end of January. Finally Rod staggered away and climbed into his Jag at 8am, mumbling "They don't stop folk in bloody Jags at this time in the morning..." God alone knows how that man is still alive...

PS, I know I've missed something this year, but I've had to. Yeah, I'm talking about that model bird who made such a strange stage appearance in Buffalo on August 15. Much as I'd loved to reveal the details of her cunning stunts, the 'sensual dancing' and the alleged semi-naked outcome of it all, the whole affair is shrouded in litigation. Maybe by the time there's a second print, we'll be able to reveal a happy ending (not to mention the pictorial evidence...)



Queen Latifah on stage during the Aug. 15 Iron Maiden concert.

Model Files Lawsuit Against Rock Group

Queen Latifah, the 25-year-old singer and dancer, has filed a lawsuit against the rock band Iron Maiden, claiming that the band's lead singer, Bruce Dickinson, sexually assaulted her during a performance at the Buffalo, N.Y., concert on August 15, 1983. Latifah, who was then a rising star in the R&B world, alleges that Dickinson, who was wearing a mask and a horned helmet, forced her into a sexual encounter while she was performing on stage. The lawsuit, filed in federal court in New York, seeks damages and an injunction against Iron Maiden from performing in the United States. Latifah's lawyer, Michael J. Fuchs, says that the band's management has refused to cooperate with the investigation and that the band's actions were "deliberate and malicious." Iron Maiden's manager, Rod Smallwood, has denied the allegations and says that Dickinson was "in no way responsible for the actions of the band." The case is expected to be a high-profile trial that could have significant implications for the music industry.

1983 WORLD PIECE TOUR (UK)

MAY

- 2 CITY HALL, HULL
- 3 GUILDHALL, PRESTON
- 5 NEW THEATRE, OXFORD
- 6 DE MONTFORD, LEICESTER
- 7 GAUMONT, SOUTHAMPTON
- 8 GAUMONT, IPSWICH
- 10 ROYAL CONCERT HALL, NOTTINGHAM
- 11 ST GEORGES HALL, BRADFORD
- 12 APOLLO, GLASGOW
- 13 PLAYHOUSE, EDINBURGH
- 15 ST DAVIDS HALL, CARDIFF
- 16 CITY HALL, SHEFFIELD
- 17 CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE
- 18 VICTORIA HALL, HANLEY
- 20 COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL
- 21 ODEON, BIRMINGHAM
- 22 ODEON, BIRMINGHAM
- 23 APOLLO, MANCHESTER
- 25 ODEON, HAMMERSMITH
- 26 ODEON, HAMMERSMITH
- 27 ODEON, HAMMERSMITH
- 28 ODEON, HAMMERSMITH

WORLD PIECE TOUR EUROPE

JUNE

- 1 HELSINKI ICE HALL
- 3 GOTHENBURG SCANDINAVIUM
- 4 DRAMMEN DRAMMENSHALLEN
- 5 STOCKHOLM ISSTADION
- 7 COPENHAGEN FALKONER THEATRE
- 9 KERKRADE RODAHAL
- 10 SCHIFFLANCE LUXEMBURG HALL
- POLYVALENT
- 11 BRUSSELS FORET NATIONALE
- 12 AMSTERDAM JAAP EDENHAL

WORLD PIECE TOUR (US)

JUNE

- 21 CASPER, WYOMING
- 22 SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
- 23 BOISE, IDAHO
- 24 SPOKANE, WASHINGTON
- 27 PORTLAND, OREGON
- 28 SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
- 29 VANCOUVER, B.C., CANADA

JULY

- 2 SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
- 3 SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA
- 5 FRESNO, CALIFORNIA
- 7 SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA
- 8 SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
- 9 LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA
- 11 TUCSON, ARIZONA
- 12 PHOENIX, ARIZONA
- 13 ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO
- 14 DENVER, COLORADO
- 16 LUBBOCK, TEXAS
- 17 AMARILLO, TEXAS
- 20 EL PASO, TEXAS
- 22 NORMAN, OKLAHOMA
- 23 DALLAS, TEXAS
- 24 HOUSTON, TEXAS
- 26 CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS
- 27 SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
- 29 SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA
- 30 MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE
- 31 LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

AUGUST

- 1 NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
- 2 LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
- 6 EAST TROY, WISCONSIN
- 7 INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
- 9 FT. WAYNE, INDIANA
- 10 KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

- 11 DETROIT, MICHIGAN
- 13 ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA
- 14 CLEVELAND, OHIO
- 15 BUFFALO, NEW YORK
- 16 PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA
- 18 ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA
- 19 PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
- 20 MARGO, MARYLAND
- 23 GLENS FALLS, NEW YORK
- 24 SYRACUSE, NEW YORK
- 25 UNIONDALE, NEW YORK
- 26 NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT
- 27 SOUTH YARMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS
- 29 PORTLAND, MAINE
- 30 PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND
- 31 POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

SEPTEMBER

- 1 ROCHESTER, NEW YORK
- 5 TORONTO, ONTARIO
- 6 MONTREAL, QUEBEC
- 7 CHICOUTIMI, QUEBEC
- 8 QUEBEC CITY, QUEBEC
- 10 TOLEDO, OHIO
- 11 LANSING, MICHIGAN
- 13 MADISON, WISCONSIN
- 14 MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA
- 17 WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
- 19 CALGARY, ALBERTA
- 20 EDMONTON, ALBERTA
- 29 PEORIA, ILLINOIS
- 30 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

OCTOBER

- 1 CINCINNATI, OHIO
- 2 COLUMBUS, OHIO
- 4 BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
- 8 NEW YORK, NEW YORK
- 9 NORFOLK, VIRGINIA
- 10 CHARLESTON, W. VIRGINIA
- 12 COLUMBIA, S. CAROLINA
- 14 HOLLYWOOD, FLORIDA
- 15 JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA
- 16 LAKE LAND, FLORIDA
- 18 JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE
- 19 KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE
- 20 CHARLOTTE, N. CAROLINA
- 21 ATLANTA, GEORGIA
- 23 LINCOLN
- 24 KANSAS CITY
- 25 ST. LOUIS

WORLD PIECE TOUR

NOVEMBER

- 7 HANNOVER, EILENRIEDERHALLE
- 8 HAMBURG, ERNST-MERCK HALLE
- 9 KIEL, OSTSEEHALLE
- 10 BREMEN, STADTHALLE 1
- 11 KERKRADE, RODAHAL
- 14 BRUSSELS, FOREST NATIONAL
- 15 ROUEN, PARC DES EXPOSITIONS
- 17 PARIS, ESPACE BALARD
- 18 BESANCON, PALAIS SPORTS
- 19 CLERMONT-FERRAND, MAISON DES SPORTS
- 20 LYON, PALAIS D'HIVER
- 22 BARCELONA, SPORTS PALACE
- 24 MADRID, REAL MADRID PAVILION
- 25 MADRID, REAL MADRID PAVILION
- 27 SAN SEBASTION, VELODROMO
- 30 MUNICH, OLYMPIAHALLE

DECEMBER

- 1 NUERNBERG, HEMMERLEINHALL
- 2 NUERNBERG, T.B.C.
- 3 WUERZBURG, CARL DIEM-HALLE
- 4 DUESSELDORF
- 6 ULM, DONAUHALLE
- 7 LUDWIGSHAFEN, FRIEDRICH-EBERT-HALLE
- 8 STUTTGART, MARTIN-SCHLEYER-HALLE
- 9 DORTMUND, WESTFALENHALLE 3
- 10 RUESSELSHEIM, WALTER-KOEBEL-HALLE
- 11 LAUSANNE, PALAIS DE BEAULIEU, HALL 32
- 17/18 DORTMUND ZDF FESTIVAL



Chapter Seven

The Slave's Revolt – A Temporary Conclusion



I feel tired but content. These last few days of last-minute interviews fuelled by firkins of the amber nectar have been taxing, but what better way to relax than to motor down a Florida boulevard, with the golden orb beating on your back and the wind blowing playfully through your barnet? Bruce Dickinson is at the wheel of his sporty little hire motor, my wife Carol's in the back, and as we drive down to catch a band rehearsal, I shut my eyes and think of . . . oh my good gawd! Bruce has gone up a slip-road to turn left onto the freeway out of Fort Lauderdale when the sight of scores of cars coming at him from the left suddenly reminds him that he ain't driving at home. The front driver in a tasty Cadillac jams on his anchors, but instead of swerving out to avoid the front of our immobile motor, he rams straight into our side. Within minutes four Old Bill cars are all around us, and yeah, of course I'll be a witness officer (as long as you pay my flight back out here, snigger!). Hell's teeth, Bruce, this is the second time you've tried to kill me – or is it just your way of letting me know what'll happen if you don't get a decent write up?

"Never get in a car with Bruce," advises Harry sagely, if a little belatedly, as we sip medicinal brandies to get over the shock. Yeah, they're all out here, all the Maiden family. There's Steve, pacing up and down, waiting for any news of Lorraine's imminent labour pains

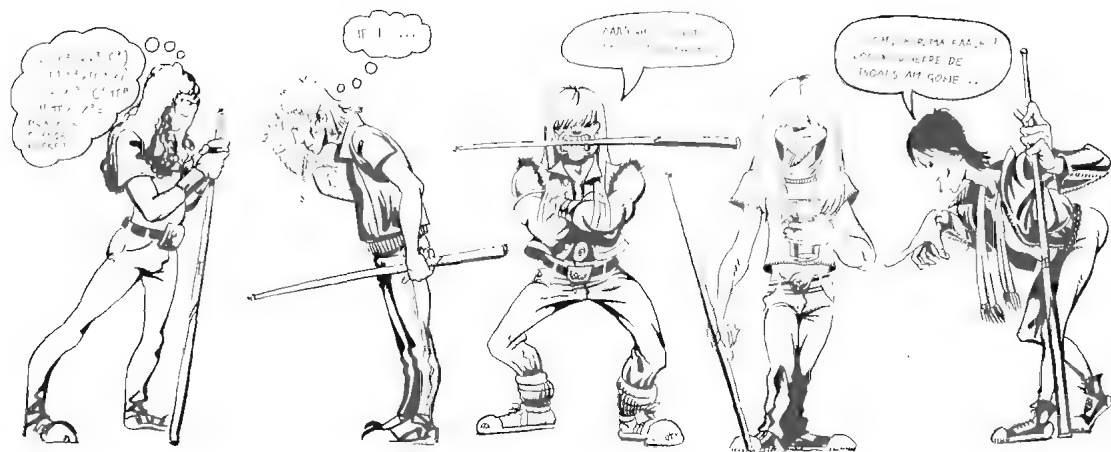
(since then she's had a beautiful bouncing bonce banging baby girl they've called Lauren). And then there's Bruce, totally unaffected by the smash (there's the benefits of a public school education for ya!) telling tales about his near-triumphant daring doings in the 'foreigners' section of the Fencing Olympics in Chicago the week before (he came second). Young Davey Murray is looking bronzed and healthy after holidaying in Egypt to 'research' the new album. Nicko seems to have temporarily shelved his Icarus-esque ambitions to pilot the band about in favour of the less risky delights of open boat fishing. And H still looks lean and relaxed having just come back from a fishing holiday in sunny Eire, where even in the Emerald Isle's furthest corners he was hounded by autograph hunters and mobs of Maidenites singing snatches of the albums. Rod's here working through stacks of important management

from England (mainly soccer and cricket results topped off with gorgeous pouting *Starbirds*). Andy Taylor looks uncomfortable in his whistle in the humid heat. Tony Wogens moans that he got a roasting after I reported his piss-taking of Rodney's constant desire to 'go for it' to the millions of *Sounds* readers. Warren Poppe grins cherubically and shows me a copy of a letter from a looney bird who wants 'you and Bruce to rape me together' (they decline). The ogre Halfin wanders round belching and baring his body at the drop of a fart. And roadies like Bill Barclay and the hideously insane production manager Dicky "Der Fuehrer" Bell come back with reports on the latest bars and movies . . . The over-all feeling in the Maiden camp is one of

contentment (but not complacency) as they contemplate the massive 'World Slavery Tour' that confronts them, and reflect in amazement on the awesome magnificence of the latest platter they have created.

After three weeks off in January, the boys booked themselves into Le Chalel to start work on *Powerslave*. Somehow, between composing and arranging the frenzied fifty minutes of muscle music that it comprises, they found time to get thrashed in a pool contest with locals, but notch up another brace of soccer victories (so the Maiden team remains unbeaten). Then 'twas back to the finer clime of Nassau, Compass Point Studios, and The Waterloo, to lick it into shape with Martin Birch. Once more Derek Riggs came out to painstakingly paint another album sleeve masterpiece, this one showing the Ed risen again as an Egyptian God. To tie in, *Powerslave* concerns the dodgy doings of Horus (no, not Horace the midfield wonder kid, but the similarly named Egyptian deity); and Dave Lights tells me that the suitably middle-Eastern flavoured stage show and light show will make all that has gone before seem tame. Hard to believe I know, but then I never thought they'd write an album better than *Number Of The Beast* and they have, so anything's possible (except Rod buying a round, I suppose). Every time I think of the top drawer furore and clappers-speed consistency of *Powerslave* I go weak at the knees, Louise.

After the recording, The Headmaster spirited the tapes away to New York's fabled Electric Ladyland Studios for the final mix and the boys had another sojourn of



relaxation before congregating here in Fort Lauderdale to rehearse for the 'World Slavery Tour'. Unbelievably, it's going to be even bigger than the World Piece megatrek, taking in 300 gigs in 13 months, enslaving 28 countries en route.

The tour starts in August in Europe with a jaunt behind the Iron Curtain to take in five Polish gigs, two in Hungary and two in Yugoslavia. They hit home in September for their biggest UK tour for some time. It includes four nights at Hammersmith. And then in November it's back to the US arenas, before a brief Xmas respite, more America, South East Asia in April '85, yet more America, and then possibly the European festivals in the Autumn. By Marco and Polo! Lets see the Harlem Globetrotters top that!!

The band's gear has grown suitably to match their ever building status. On the tour, they're taking 120,000 watts of PA and over 800 lamps. For the States, it'll take six 45 foot long arctics and five buses to carry all the equipment and the personnel (the permanent crew of 12 people expanding to 42 on the road).

Doubtless all the regulars will turn out there – the religious dogmatists, the Pied Piper parent from Chicago who trails them from gig to gig with his daughter and twenty other kids in tow, the nutter who's built a 30 foot high 3D model of Eddie on top of his drum... And doubtless Andy Taylor will still have to send out baked beans, bacon, and HP Sauce from Blighty, while running the band's new five storey office block in the West End (there's a smaller twin in LA now too) and overseeing the financial side of things that has snowballed from one partnership to an international corporate structure of twenty companies (including the wonderfully named Beastly Tours Inc in the US, Strange World Tours Ltd in the UK, and Transylvania Enterprises Ltd for the rest of the world).

In 1984, Maiden consolidated their position in the top three of EMT's biggest selling bands too, and certainly look in no danger of slipping over the next eighteen months, barring an act of God or Eddie. They've certainly come a long way since the Cart & Horses, the Green Goddess, and the time Rod ran all the band's business from a phone in the basement of Andy Waller's Estate Agent's office in the Edgware Road. And the music has



come a long way from the raw power of *The Soundhouse Tapes* too.

Of course, with such a phenomenal growth rate it would have been possible for Iron Maiden to degenerate into the type of idle, snobby super-stars who ran the show back in the mid-seventies. But with their commitment to hard work, simple pleasures, and down to earth things in life, that's never really been much of a likely prospect. Even on this coming UK tour they've resisted the temptation of playing a few prestige arenas (eg the NEC and Wembley) in favour of taking their music to the people for as many nights as the people want them there. No, Maiden have kept their honesty and their integrity, and their energy too, which makes their achievements in these last five short years even more staggering. Of

course, they've always been aware of the dangers. As Harry told me in Florida, "I know it's unreal, but the whole music biz is a bit unreal, y'know? That's why you've gotta keep yer feet on the ground, or else you really sorta go over the top into a different world. Y'know, superstaritis. In this band that just ain't on, cos it definitely ain't the way we are."

You'd better believe it. It's their ability to weave rock dreams for millions and yet still stay in touch with their roots that makes Iron Maiden so much more special than half the stuck-up twerps who pass for rock and pop stars these days. It's also what guarantees they're gonna be around for a long time yet – as long as they never, ever, let Bruce Dickinson drive their tour bus!



Glossary Of Cockney Slang

by Professor James Riddle, S.O.D. & Bar

AG: aggravation, trouble, aggro
BARNET: rhyming slang (rs), Barnet Fair, hair
BARNEY: fight (see also knuckle, ruck)
BILLIES: rs, Billy Bunters, punters
BLIGHTY: The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland
BOAT: rs, Boat Race, face
BOG: toilet (see also kharzi)
BULL AND COW: row
CLOCK: notice, look at
COCOA (I SHOULD): rs, I should say so
DICKY BIRD: rs, word
DOG AND BONE: phone
DRUM: house, abode
FAG: cigarette, snout, etc.
FLANNEL: bullshit
GYPSY'S: rs, Gypsy's Kiss, piss, urination (see also slash, lash, Jimmy (Riddle), rs piddle)
HALF-INCH: rs, pinch, steal (see also nick)
HOBSON'S: rs, Hobson's Choice, voice
JAM JAR: rs, car, motor
JACKANORY: rs, story
LIONEL BLAIRS: rs, flairs
MAHATMA CHANDI: rs, brandy
MINCES: rs, Mince pies; eyes
MONIKER: name (see also handle)
MONKEY: £500
MUTTON: rs, Mutt and Jeff, deaf

OLD BILL: police (see also peelers, rozzers, cops)
OXO CUBE: rs, tube, the London Underground
PEGS: legs
PONY: £25
PISSSED: exceptionally drunk (see also Brahms and Liszt)
PONY: rs, Pony & Trap, crap, rubbish (see also Tom (Tit) rs shit), believed to originate from the Khyber Pass.
PORKIES: rs, porky pies, lies
RICHARD: rs, Richard The Third, bird, woman (see also Boiler)
RUBBERDUB: rs, pub, public house, (see also Boozer, Battle Cruiser)
RUBY MURRAY: rs, curry
RUSSEL HARTY: rs, party, knees-up
SOBS: corruption of 'sovs', short for sovereigns, pound notes (see also notes, smackers, quid)
TATERS: rs, Taters In The Mould, cold (see also brass monkey's)
TEA-LEAF: rs, thief
TITFA: rs, Titfa Tat, hat
TIN TACK: rs, sack, lose one's employment
WHISTLE & FLUTE: suit
YONKS: a long time (see also Yonky Donks), from Donkey's Years





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